

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1043.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847.

REVIEWS

The Doctor, &c. Vol. VII. Longman & Co. This volume, twice the bulk of any among its predecessors, gives us "the Doctor's" last words—otherwise, the last selections from Dr. Southey's commonplace books, prepared for his miscellany, which the holders of the MSS. think it advisable to publish. The world of scholars has long known how wide was the range of reading commanded by the deceased poet and historian: the fact almost amounting to a marvel when taken conjointly with the amount of his labours in production. But on looking over these seven volumes, we apprehend that the vast diversity of Southey's studies as in them set forth will strike the general reader more forcibly than the most pompous or emphatic announcement of the fact in obituary paragraph or eulogy.

De mortuis, &c.—nor must we be misundertstood while stating that we do not enjoy the scattered essays, extracts, passages of ingenuity on thinking and beautiful writing, the less, because they are laid before us without those links of quaint puerility which the Laureate and his friends might receive as good mirth; but which too many general readers could only accept as small fooling. Dr. Southey's vein of puerility was peculiar. He seems to have thought every passing whimsy, whether general or local, worthy of equal honour, entertainment, and elaboration,—to have felt himself one whose fire-side and family puerilities were worthy of being copied, perpetuated, and docketed for the good of mankind; and this not so much from any overweening self-conceit as from his own disposition to overvalue all that is remote or quaint in anecdote, memoir, or criticism. Collection, we submit, is apt to breed strange, and not always wholesome, tastes. Every bibliomaniac knows the pleasure of his own unique copy printed on brown paper (as Walpole struck off one "Bonner's Ghost" for "holy Hannah" More's "own eating")—every observer of human character pleads to the appetite with which he falls on an old chest of real letters, though they chronicle little more than the dates when such "a fool" was weaned or such other "small beer" bottled. But the author who confounds his own private propensities (in which he knows a meaning and connexion to exist, and from which he draws aliment) with the desires of a less exquisitely-instructed, less exclusively-professional public, will always be apt to miss the mark. In this light, at least, have we always regarded the puerilities of "The Doctor"—as things the few could allow for, but in which the many could never sympathise.

Let us, however, take this seventh and last volume, as it comes to hand,—and (although it is the seventh and because it is the last) glean largely from its pages. Some of the first curiosities which it contains are devoted to the medical fancies of Doña Oliva Sabuco Barrera,—a Spanish lady of French or Boston extraction, born in the city of Alcaraz, and flourishing in the reign of Philip II., to whom she dedicated her "New Philosophy of the Nature of Man." A pleasant practitioner must this singular Doña have been if our Daniel's judgment of her contains a fair report of her system.—

"She had never studied medicine, she said; but it was clear as the light of day that the old system was erroneous, and must needs be so, because its founders were ignorant of the nature of man, upon which being rightly understood the true system must, of necessity, be founded. Hope is what supports health and life; fear, the worst enemy of both. Among the best preservatives and restoratives she recom-

mended therefore, cheerfulness, sweet odours, music, the country, the sound of woods and waters, agreeable conversation, and pleasant pastimes. Music, of all external things, she held to be that which tends most to comfort, rejoice, and strengthen the brain, being as it were a spiritual pleasure in which the mind sympathises; and the first of all remedies, in this, her true system of medicine, was to bring the mind and body into unison, removing thus that discord which is occasioned when they are ill at ease; this was to be done by administering cheerfulness, content, and hope to the mind, and in such words and actions as produced these the best medicine was contained. Next to this it importeth to comfort the stomach, and to cherish the root of man, that is to say the brain, with its proper corroborants, especially with sweet odours and with music. For music was so good a remedy for melancholy, so great an alleviator of pain, such a soother of uneasy emotions, and of passion, that she marvelled wherefore so excellent a medicine should not be more in use, seeing that undoubtedly many grievous diseases, as for example epilepsy, might be disarmed and cured by it; and it would operate with the more effect if accompanied with hopeful words and with grateful odours, for Doña Oliva thought with Solomon that 'pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.' Consequently unpleasant sounds and ill smells were, according to her philosophy, injurious. The latter she confounded with noxious air, which was an error to be expected in those days, when nothing concerning the composition of the atmosphere had been discovered. Thus she thought it was by their ill odour that lime-kilns and charcoal fires occasioned death; and that owing to the same cause horses were frequently killed when the filth of a stable was removed, and men were employed in cleaning vaults. Upon the same principle, in recommending perfumes as alexipharmac, she fell in with the usual practice. The plague, according to her, might be received not by the breath alone, but at the eyes also, for through the sight there was ready access to the brain; it was prudent, therefore to close the nostrils when there might be reason to apprehend that the air was tainted; and when conversing with an infected person, not to talk face to face, but to avert the countenance. In changing the air with the hope of escaping an endemic disease, the place to go to should be that from whence the pestilence had come, rather than one whither it might be going. Ill sounds were noxious in like manner, though not in like degree, because no discord can be so grating as to prove fatal; but any sound which is at once loud and discordant she held to be unwholesome, and that to hear any one sing badly, read ill, or talk importunately like a fool was sufficient to cause a defluxion from the brain; if this latter opinion were well founded, no Speaker of the House of Commons could hold his office for a single Session without being talked to death. With these she clasped the sound of a hiccup, the whetting of a saw, and the cry of bitter lamentation. Doña Oliva it may be presumed was endowed with a sensitive ear and a quick perception of odours, as well as with a cheerful temper, and an active mind. Her whole course of practice was intended to cheer and comfort the patient, if that was possible. She allowed the free use of water and fresh air and recommended that the apartments of the sick should be well ventilated. She prescribed refreshing odours, among others, that of bread fresh from the oven, and that wine should be placed near the pillow, in order to induce sleep. She even thought that cheerful apparel conduces to health, and that the fashion of wearing black which prevailed in her time was repugnant to reason. Pursuing her theory that the brain was the original seat of disease, she advised that the excessive moisture which would otherwise take a wrong course from thence, should be drawn off through the natural channels by sneezing powders, or by pungent odours which provoke a discharge from the eyes and nostrils, by sudorifics also, exercise, and whatever might cause a diversion to the skin. When any part was wounded or painful, or there was a tumour, she recommended compression above the part affected, with a woollen bandage, tightly bound, but not so as to occasion pain. And to comfort the root of the animal tree,

she prescribes scratching the head with the fingers, or combing it with an ivory comb,—a general and admirable remedy she calls this, against which some former possessor of the book who seems to have been a practitioner upon the old system, and has frequently entered his protest against the medical heresies of the authoress, has written in the margin 'bad advice.' She recommended also cutting the hair, and washing the head with white wine, which as it were renovated the skin, and improved the vegetation."

Well may we, in these days of penance done in wet sheets and of poison administered to make sick people worse ere they become better, cry "Long live the memory of gracious Doña Oliva and her system!" But she dealt, also, like Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," with the "cosmogony of the world." Into that deep question we forbear to plunge in her train; but we shall give one more proof of her practical wisdom in advance of her time and her country, before passing to other subjects.—

"She thought it a strange want of policy that in a country where the corn failed for want of rain, the waters with which all brooks and rivers were filled in winter should be allowed to run to waste. Therefore she advised that great tanks and reservoirs should be formed for the purposes of irrigation, and that they should be rendered doubly profitable by stocking them with fish, such as shad, tench and trout. She advised also that the seed should frequently be changed, and crops raised in succession, because the soil loved to embrace new products: and that new plants should be introduced from the Indies; where hitherto the Spaniards had been more intent upon introducing their own, than in bringing home from thence others to enrich their own country; the cacao in particular, she recommended, noticing that this nut for its excellence had even been used as money. Duels she thought the Christian Princes and the Pope might easily prevent, by erecting a Jurisdiction which should take cognizance of all affairs of honour. She would have had them also open the road to distinction for all who deserved it, so that no person should be debarred by his birth from attaining to any office or rank; this she said, was the way to have more Rolands and Cids, more Great Captains, more Hannibals and Tamerlanes."

Which among us has forgotten Mr. Rogers's graceful wish for "the cot beside the hill," with its bee-hives, its watermill, its Lucy,

In russet gown and apron blue,
and its "village church"—at a convenient distance? A good chapter for a miscellany like "The Doctor" might be made up enumerating the wishes of divers Poets—ranging between the "brown jug" of a Bloomfield and the "champagne and chicken" of a Lady Mary. In the following, we presume, are somewhat fantastically wrapped up, or shadowed forth, certain of the Doctor's modest desires:—

"*Plust à Dieu que j'eusse présentement cent soixante et dixhuit millions d'or!*" says a personage in Rabelais: "Ho, comment je triumpherois!" It was a good, honest, large, capacious wish; and in wishing, it is well to wish for enough. By enough in the way of riches, a man is said to mean always something more than he has. Without exposing myself to any such censorious remark, I will, like the person above quoted, limit my desires to a positive sum, and wish for just one million a-year. And what would you do with it? says Mr. Soberides. "Attendez encore un peu, avec denie once de patience."

I now esteem my venerable self
As brave a fellow, as if all that pelf
Were sure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to spend.

And first for my private expenditure, I would either buy a house to my mind, or build one; and it should be such as a house ought to be, which I once heard a glorious agriculturist define 'a house that should have in it everything that is voluptuous, and necessary and right.' In my acception of that felicitous definition, I request the reader to understand that every thing which is right is intended, and nothing but what is perfectly so: that is to say I mean every possible accommodation conducive to health and

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comfort. It should be large enough for my friends, and not so large as to serve as an hotel for my acquaintance, and I would live in it at the rate of five thousand a-year, beyond which no real and reasonable enjoyment is to be obtained by money. I would neither keep hounds, nor hunters, nor running horses. I would neither solicit nor accept a peerage. I would not go into Parliament. I would take no part whatever in what is called public life, farther than to give my vote at an election against a Whig or against any one who would give his in favour of the Catholic Question. I would not wear my coat quite so threadbare as I do at present: but I would still keep to my old shoes, as long as they would keep to me. But stop—Cleopatra adopted some wizard's words when she said 'Wishers were ever fools!'

Many a tender-soled poet will cry "Amen" to the writer's blessing on old shoes!—pronounced, we apprehend, at an epoch when *Pannus Corium* was not yet thought of.

We can only give one more extract; but it shall show 'The Doctor' in full caparison, riding one of his hobbies "high and disposedly."

"Initials he thought (always with one exception) of no other consequence than as they pleased the ear, and combined gracefully in a cypher, upon a seal or ring. But in names themselves a great deal more presents itself to a reflecting mind. Shenstone used to bless his good fortune that his name was not obnoxious to a pun. He would not have liked to have been complimented in the same strain as a certain Mr. Pegue was by an old epigrammatist.—

"What wonder if my friend's force doth last
Firm to thy goodness? You have pegg'd it fast.

Little could he foresee, as Dr. Southey has observed, that it was obnoxious to a rhyme in French English. In the gardens of Ermenonville M. — placed this inscription to his honour.

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural;
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural.

Poor Shenstone hardly appears more ridiculous in the frontispiece to his own works, where, in the heroic attitude of a poet who has won the prize and is about to receive the crown, he stands before Apollo in a shirt and hose, as destitute of another less dispensable part of dress as Adam in Eden, but like Adam when innocent, not ashamed: while the shirtless God holding a lyre in one hand prepares with the other to place a wreath of bay upon the brow of his delighted votary. The father of Sir Joshua Reynolds fancied that if he gave his son an uncommon Christian name, it might be the means of bettering his fortune; and therefore he had him christened Joshua. It does not appear however that the name ever proved as convenient to the great painter as it did to Joshua Barnes. He to whose Barnesian labours Homer and Queen Esther, and King Edward III. bear witness, was a good man and a good scholar, and a rich widow who not imprudently inferred that he would make a good husband, gave him an opportunity by observing to him one day that Joshua made the Sun and Moon stand still, and significantly added that nothing could resist Joshua. The hint was not thrown away;—and he never had cause to repent that he had taken, nor she that she had given, it. "I know not whether it was the happy-minded author of the 'Worthies' and the 'Church History of Britain' who proposed as an epitaph for himself the words 'Fuller's Earth,' or whether some one proposed it for him. But it is in his own style of thought and feeling. Nor has it any unbecoming levity, like this which is among Browne's poems:—

Here lieth in sooth
Honest John Tooth,
Whom Death on a day
From us drew away.

Or this, upon a Mr. Button,
Here lieth one, God rest his soul
Whose grave is but a button-hole.

It is not a good thing to be Tom'd or Bob'd, Jack'd or Jim'd, Sam'd or Ben'd, Natty'd or Batty'd, Neddy'd or Teddy'd, Will'd or Bill'd, Dick'd or Nick'd, Joe'd or Jerry'd as you go through the world. And yet it is worse to have a Christian name that for its oddity shall be in everybody's mouth when you are

spoken of, as if it were pinned upon your back, or labelled upon your forehead. Quintin Dick for example, which would have been still more unlucky if Mr. Dick had happened to have a cast in his eye. The Report on Parochial Registration contains a singular example of the inconvenience which may arise from giving a child an uncouth christian name. A gentleman called Anketil Gray had occasion for a certificate of his baptism; it was known at what church he had been baptized, but on searching the register there no such name could be found: some mistake was presumed therefore not in the entry, but in the recollection of the parties, and many other registers were examined without success. At length the first register was again recurred to, and then upon a closer investigation, they found him entered as Miss Ann Kettle Grey. • • • 'J'ai été toujours fort étonné,' says Bayle, 'que les familles qui portent un nom odieux ou ridicule, ne le quittent pas.' The Leatherheads and Shuffelbottoms, the Higgenses and Huggenses, the Scrogges and Scragges, Sheepshanks and Ramsbottoms, Taylors and Barbers, and worse than all, Butchers, would have been to Bayle as abominable as they were to Dr. Dove. I ought, the Doctor would say, to have a more natural dislike to the names of Kite, Hawk, Falcon and Eagle; and yet they are to me (the first excepted) less odious than names like these: and even preferable to Bull, Bear, Pig, Hog, Fox, or Wolf. What a name, he would say, is Lamb for a soldier, Joy for an undertaker, Rich for a pauper, or Noble for a taylor: Big for a lean or little person, and Small for one who is broad in the rear and abdominal in the van. Short for a fellow six feet without his shoes, or Long for him whose high heels hardly elevate him to the height of five. Sweet for one who has either a vinegar face, or a foxey complexion. Younghusband for an old bachelor. Merryweather for any one in November and February, a black spring, a cold summer or a wet autumn. Goodenough for a person no better than he should be: Toogood for any human creature, and Best for a subject who is perhaps too bad to be endured. Custom having given to every Christian name its *alias*, he always used either the baptismal name or its substitute as it happened to suit his fancy, careless of what others might do. Thus he never called any woman Mary, though *Mare* he said being the sea was in many respects but too emblematic of the sex. It was better to use a synonyme of better men, and Molly therefore was to be preferred as being soft. If he accosted a vixen of that name in her worst temper he *mollified* her. On the contrary he never could be induced to substitute Sally for Sarah. —Sally he said had a salacious sound, and moreover it reminded him of rovers, which women ought not to be. Martha he called Patty, because it came pat to the tongue. Dorothy remained Dorothy, because it was neither fitting that women should be made Dolls, nor Idols. Susan with him was always Sue, because women were to be sued, and Winifred Winnie because they were to be won."

The reader may look to hear more of the contents of this amusing miscellany—precious as being the latest emanation we shall ever receive of its author's mind—on Saturday next.

The Autobiography of Goethe. Truth and Poetry; from my own Life. Four Parts.

Edited by Parke Godwin. Wiley & Putnam. WELL do we recollect the time when the words "Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit" were a stumbling-block, at the very threshold of its study, on the title-page of this 'Autobiography.' Great was the perplexity as to their meaning:—they were supposed to have some latent cabalistic sense. Goethe, it was said, perhaps intended to intimate that he had mingled fiction with the narrative of fact;—or that he had treated the fact mythically, modifying it with a fair proportion of feeling and fancy. At any rate, there must be some enigma—for to have then considered the poet as other than a writer in some shape of elaborate riddles, whether in prose or verse, would have disturbed the impression with which the mind of the student had been pre-occupied. It was then little known that Goethe was, in respect to style, one

of the easiest and most familiar writers in his language; and in regard to the philosophic spirit of his compositions, however symbolic in their form, a decided realist. Therefore it was that those who would be wiser than their neighbours endeavoured to fancy, and to make others fancy, that what had appeared so very plain and simple must have a concealed and recondite (as well as a necessarily symbolic) significance,—or else was a mere platitude. Thus it happened with the first part of 'Faust.' The poet himself was equally astonished and amused at the theories in which his critics indulged. Meantime, he wisely abstained from giving any explanation:—none, in fact, was needed. The text of 'Faust' affords all that is wanted for the complete understanding of the poet's design. Apart from some cases of idiom, the conciseness of the style, and the brevity of its references where learned and local allusions occur,—the difficulties are all made by the reader, not in the author.

That period of doubt has passed away. It was one of transition, both for England and Germany. The poetic mind had, in either country, to be restored to a love of simplicity and a taste for the natural. Whatever came fresh from the mind gave a shock to artificial habits of thought; and they whose prejudices were offended, but who yet were willing to follow the stream of public approbation, sought a refuge for their vanity and justification for their admiration, in the hypothesis that there was a parable to be expounded whereof they were themselves the fittest expositors. No doubt this state of things re-acted on the poet; and in the second part of 'Faust,' also in the fragment of that of 'Wilhelm Meister,' we certainly find a system of allegory and mysticism consciously and purposely adopted. But in what contrast do these later stand with the earlier portions of the same works! The gulf between the popular and the unpopular has been indeed passed. The process by which the difference was effected bears all the marks of an afterthought.

There never was, in fact, any real difficulty in the title of the work before us. 'Truth and Poetry, out of my Life,' meant what the words imply, and no more.—i. e., that in stating the facts of his early life the autobiographer had selected those which were most illustrative of his poetic temperament, and most respected that deeper truth which the poetic element essentially involves.

The occasion of the work corroborates this view of it. It was undertaken, by request, to satisfy some friends concerning "the internal impulses, external excitements, and successive steps of the poet's theoretic and practical advancement";—which information they desired as the means of enabling them to consider Goethe's productions as a whole, and to supply the links of connexion by which they might be united as such for that purpose.

The object proposed in the work, now for the first time translated from the original into English, is admirably accomplished. The work itself is, as the editor of the present version justly remarks, "a master-piece of writing—being a series of quiet but striking pictures, showing the growth of the greatest of German minds, and at the same time the whole progress of German literature." This is a subject too large for the theme of our notice. We must content ourselves with some of such prominent points as may be most suggestive of valuable reflection. Besides, the work having been long known to us and to the world, we may not treat it as a novelty:—we use its present translation merely as the means of a pleasant reminiscence.

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Goethe as a man of genius was of the precocious order. He was, in fact, surrounded from his birth by influences and appliances highly favourable to the early exhibition of talent. His maternal grandfather was the chief magistrate of Frankfort; and his father was skilled not only in jurisprudence, but in much and various learning. He had not only a capital library for reference, but was encouraged by his parent to mental exercises, and the acquisition of every possible knowledge. To rhetorical and poetic composition, Goethe showed an early inclination.—

"We boys held a Sunday assembly where each one of us was required to produce original verses. And there strange feeling, which had long caused me uneasiness, was elicited. My poems, whatever they might be, always seemed to me the best. But I soon remarked, that my competitors who brought forth rather lame affairs, were in the same condition, and thought no less of themselves; and what appeared yet more suspicious, a good though in such matters altogether unskillful lad, whom I liked in other respects, though his tutor did make his verses, not only regarded them as the best, but was thoroughly persuaded they were his own, as he confessed to me once in our confidential intercourse. Now, as this illusion and error was obvious to me, it entered my mind one day to inquire, whether I myself might not be in the same state, whether their poems were not really better than mine, and whether I did not strike those boys as just as silly as they did me? This discomfited me much and long; for it was altogether impossible for me to find any external criterion of the truth; and finally, I ceased from producing my works, until levity and self-consciousness composed me; but chiefly a trial of skill—started by our teachers and parents, who had noted our sport—in which I stood high and won general praise."

A similar inquietude in early life must have possessed many men of genius—nay, a nervous doubt, under certain circumstances, must beset even those who are advanced in life. It is perhaps the inevitable condition of an art which lives so much in the good opinion of others,—of which opinion therefore the professor is often too sensitively solicitous. It needs all the self-consciousness of power to sustain the chill of the world's neglect or indifference and the anxiety of individual competition—to say nothing of the necessity of progress; without which past success becomes injurious to future prosperity—and which itself requires to be cherished by renewed approbation at every fresh effort.

Goethe confesses his boyish obligations to the popular sheet in which the precious remains, as he calls them, of the Middle Ages were preserved and sold by the Frankfort book-hawker, under the name of 'People's Books,' &c. for a couple of *krutzen*. His imagination was also excited by local circumstances. His grandfather professed to be gifted with second sight; and the state of religion at the time received extraordinary impulses by the daily springing up of enthusiasts and sects. Goethe's mind thence derived a pietistic turn: nay, he was disposed to invent a worship of his own,—and even proceeded some way in its practice. But the religious was soon succeeded by a political interest. The invasion of Saxony by Prussia in 1756 made him, to use his own words, a decided "Fritzian." The popular abuse, at this time, of his hero excited in him the first disgust for public opinion;—which, afterwards, he confesses, had an injurious operation on his conduct. Artistically, however, nothing influenced him more than his grandmother's gift of a puppet-show. It is unnecessary, however, to dwell on this incident;—as the reader is acquainted with the same incident as worked up in his romance of 'Wilhelm Meister.' Suffice it to say, that a theatrical taste grew upon Goethe,—and that it was cultivated by the practice of amateur performance. Like Sir

Walter Scott, too, he made trial of his invention by telling stories to his companions. In Goethe's case, however, the fabulist was ever his own hero. There was much of this egotism at the basis of his character. His fancy, too, was evidently most excitable. The possibility of his father's illegitimacy having been suggested, he seems for awhile to have revelled in the conception that he might be in that way aristocratically descended.—in the end, however, he found that the assumption was altogether fictitious. In afterwards replying to the insinuation, Goethe spoke in a manner peculiarly illustrative both of German sentiment and German humour. "Life," said he, "was so exquisite a blessing in itself, that a man might properly be indifferent as to whom he had to thank for it; since God was, after all, the author of it, before whom all were equals."

Goethe's connexion with the more special literary influences of this early period of his life commences with Klopstock's 'Messiah.' The name of the poet, which means "Drumstick," seems to have been a source of merriment. To some his introduction of hexameters in German verse was far from pleasant;—and Goethe's father was of the number. The German mind, however, had in Goethe's opinion a natural sympathy with such a poem as the 'Messiah.' In obedience to such sympathy, he, in this biography, presents his readers with a kind of *riacciamento* of the Old Testament history; and he tells us, that the tender and affectionate interest with which Klopstock had invested biblical characters was highly pleasing to his juvenile taste. Admiration begat imitation. He attempted, himself, a similar filling-up of the episode of Joseph.—Goethe's life, however religious and reflective, was not exclusively contemplative. He showed much activity in acquiring accomplishments, such as fencing and horse-riding,—and in making acquaintance with customs and parties in his native town.

Nothing is more charming than the narrative of Goethe's first recognition as a poet,—and of the first love of his boyhood (the somewhat equivocal and tantalizing Gretchen),—which are beautifully connected as links in the same series. Therewith, too, is associated the German custom of wedding poems and funeral verses; about which, in those early days, Goethe came to be sportively and professionally employed. This part of the book is crowded with panoramic delineations, both of character and event—particularly of the ceremonies and processions connected with the coronation, in 1763, of the Roman Emperor. Graphic as are these descriptions, they are too long for citation.

The time came at length for the sterner business of life. The love and poetry of which we above hinted had an unhappy issue. Goethe was thrown thereby into a fever,—and then, unwillingly, into a course of philosophy. He now also took to drawing, and became a tolerable draughtsman. His descriptive poetry afterwards benefited by the exercise. Nature and accident, indeed, had destined him for a poet; and he insisted from the first on identifying poetry and religion with the philosophy which was forced on his attention. He loved, on that account, the study of ancient and Hebrew literature; because in it such identity was manifested by all three being included in the same compositions,—as in the Book of Job and in Hesiod. When removed to the University of Leipzig, he neglected the study of jurisprudence for the classics. There, also, the conflict of opinion completely unsettled his taste and judgment;—and in the end so disgusted him with his own productions that he condemned them all to an unfortunate *auto-da-fé*, which has deprived us of the 'prentice efforts of his muse.

Goethe appears remarkably solicitous to prove that love had a more than ordinary share in his poetic development. But unfortunately it would seem to have been, like that of Festus, a love without fidelity—a merely sentimental passion, easily conceived for successive objects. Such are, not only his affair with Gretchen, but those with Annette, Lucinda, Frederica, Charlotte, and Lili. Relatively to the last we have the following verses.

Heart, my heart, O, what hath changed thee?

What doth weigh on thee so sore?

What hath from thyself estranged thee,

That I scarcely know thee more?

Gone is all which thou held dearest,

Gone the care which thou kept nearest

Gone thy toils and after-bliss.

Ah! how couldst thou come to this?

Blids thee here her bloom so youthful,—

That divine and lovely form,—

That sweet look, so good and truthful,

With an all-resistless charm?

If I swear no more to see her,

If I leave myself, and flee her?

In a moment more, slack?

Straight to her I lie me back.

She with magic net enfolds me,

That defies my utmost skill;

Lovely, wanton maid—she holds me,

Holds me fast against my will,

In her magic ring who finds him,

After all her ways must mind him.

Ah! how great the change to me!

Love! when wilt thou set me free?

Ah! against my will why dost thou press me

Into scenes so bright?

Had I not—good youth—so much to bless me

In the lovely night?

In my little chamber close I found me,

In the moon's cold beams;

And their quivering light fell softly round me,

While I lay in dreams.

Dreams they were of golden hours of steady

And unmingled joy;

For within my breast had I already

Felt the lovely boy.

Is it I [me] still, whom that gay card-table,

'Mid so many lights,

Meeting faces so intolerable,

To thy side invites?

Ah! the Spring's fresh fields no longer cheer me,

Flowers no sweetness bring;

Where thou, angel, art, all sweets are near me,—

Where thou art is Spring!

Other influences, however, the poet acknowledges:—among these, that of the French sciolism. Voltaire was yet living—the "wonder of his time,"—though his opinions were no longer prized as they had been. Rousseau, Diderot, and the Encyclopedists still continued to interest such a mind as Goethe's; but he felt still more interest in new authors whose fame had not yet commenced, and in reference to whom he was accused of judging like a provincial. Then followed the study of Shakespeare and English literature. But above all, the theatre gave the strongest impulse to Goethe's mental energies; and, fortunately for him, Art had been introduced to the German stage by the importation of French performers,—the greatest of whom was the celebrated Le Cain. Among other things, accordingly, Goethe's Autobiography goes into details as to his earlier published dramas—such as 'The Lover's Caprice,' 'The Accomplices,' 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' 'Clavigo,' and certain fragments of 'Faust.' Here, too, we meet with a confession of his religious doubts and vacillations—and a full account of the Fräulein von Klettenberg, the original of 'The Beautiful Soul' whose 'Confessions' are recorded in the 'Wilhelm Meister.' On 'Werther' too much has been already written—a bare allusion to the subject will suffice. Some notice, however, should be taken of the mystical books on chemical alchemy, which led to much of the ultimate tendency of the poet's mind and many characteristics of his poems that have puzzled all but the initiated. We have to confess that, having ourselves had extensive reading in this kind of strange lore, it never was any impediment to us; but

on this point, for that reason, we are not the fairest of judges as to its effect on the general student. But the mysteries of the "Macrocosm and Microcosm" are now no secrets even to the ordinary reader:—commentators have done thus much of good or harm, and both their wisdom and their folly enjoy at present, we think, a fair amount of acknowledgment. Goethe has, indeed, told the whole in a sentence in which he describes the religion that he had formed for himself. "The later Platonism lay at the foundation; the Heretical, the Mystical, the Cabalistic also contributed their share; and thus I built me up a world that looked strange enough." Subsequently, the works of Spinoza exercised on him a powerful and abiding influence.

By such degrees, and through such trials, a great mind advances to maturity:—and by and through similar means, grows up also the taste to appreciate. Goethe, like our own Wordsworth, had to *create* a taste:—both at last succeeded. It were now to affect singularity to doubt the merit of either. What particularly distinguishes the 'Autobiography' before us is its remarkable tone: in which we cannot fail of recognizing, in blended union, the gravest wisdom with the most fervent enthusiasm—the latter revelling in the strangest theories, the extravagances of which even the former could not always succeed in correcting. The mystic system of cosmogony here detailed is a case in point,—and will, doubtless, excite much mirth in many an English mind: yet, how much of the highest poetry is implied in the conception itself!

Such was Goethe as a man and as a poet,—great in both, but imperfect—manifestly much more imperfect in either than our own Shakespeare or even Milton. His strength to the last was in a mystical region of idea. Schiller as a philosopher was immensely his superior,—though not as a poet. As the latter, Goethe was a consummate artist:—a character which Schiller aimed at but could not perfectly attain. Goethe's constant dislike for everything positive in science had greatly to do with this—inasmuch as it kept him within the more spiritual sphere of Art, and allowed that freedom to his creations for which he is so distinguished both in his poems and romances. In the extent, moreover, of his knowledge, Goethe possesses almost unrivalled advantage. The zeal with which he pursued universal information is not the least remarkable characteristic pourtrayed in this most self-conscious and reflective of autobiographies.

The translation of the parts now published is by American writers—each part by a different hand—the second being by Mr. John Henry Hopkins, jun. of Vermont. They differ much in the quality of execution. The first portion resembles the original most in conciseness of style—the second in facility. The translators seem to have properly estimated the difficulties of the task, in the confession of their inability to aim at that "grace and ease of style which is one of the finest characteristics of their author. Goethe," they continue, "is the hardest of all Germans to translate, because he is such a consummate master of *form*,—which nothing but genius equal to his own could convey to another language."—The third and fourth portions make the greatest demands on the translator's skill. But by confiding them to the taste and scholarship of such men as Charles A. Dana and John S. Dwight the editor has obtained a version of them not only faithful but elegant.

Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge, &c. A Drama in Five Acts and Twelve Tableaux. By MM. Dumas and August Maquet. Paris, Levy Frères.

THIS is not the last of the Parisian novelties,—since it was produced early in August; but

it was still running a week ago, and the run was not likely to stop: therefore it must be called one of the most popular, as well as one of the most pretentious of recent theatrical works. The 'Pierrot Posthume' of M. Théophile Gautier, a pretty trifle, written, rehearsed and produced within eight days,—in spite of its verses pointed with delicate raillery somewhat above the vaudeville standard, perhaps because of this very delicacy,—only lived its week; while the 'Réveil du Lion,' which every one is going to the *Gymnase* to see, however neat and pleasant, is merely the last of a long family, the original founder of which was M. Scribe. M. Dumas's 'Chevalier,' on the other hand, claims certain pseudo-dignity as a historical episode of the times of the Girondins; and, however well it may suit classical or academical critics to turn from it because it stands on the debateable land betwixt Drama and Melo-drama, is a work which none who have seen it will forget. Even when read, it will hardly be closed without those emotions of pity and terror having been excited which vulgar horrors alone fail to awaken, save in vulgar readers.

'Le Chevalier' follows the old fashion of historical plays in being a chronicle rather than a *circular* work complete in itself. There is art, however, in its construction—and of a good kind. The interest turns on the Girondin plots for the deliverance of Marie Antoinette,—and the scene is more than once laid in the Royal captive's prison; yet we do not feel disappointed because the poor Queen *in propria persona* is withheld from the stage. To have introduced her would have been hazardous: yet the hazard of perpetually meddling with an unseen character is a still deeper pit-fall—which the young playwright is most earnestly counselled to avoid. Of coarser fibre, so to say, is the art which arranged the scenes before the revolutionary tribunal:—but their power is great, and, we fear, true to history. The frantic *Citoyenne* Tison, goaded on by a malignant informer to accuse two "aristocrats" in the hope of recovering a lost child—who finds when too late that with them she has betrayed to the scaffold her darling daughter—and the brave *gaillard* Lorin, who takes the place of a man about to be guillotined, that his friend may escape to happiness—have had their prototypes. There have been worldly conspirators, too,—ever since conspiracy began—who, like Dixier, have plunged the innocent women belonging to them into all the mazes of plot and counterplot, reckless what services were to be performed, what sacrifices paid,—at once cold and scheming—yet all the while jealous of the victims whom they had driven on such headlong courses. Such is the husband of the heroine Généviève:—but French dramatists have means of showing commiseration which English audiences would hardly relish. The wife has netted a young *Citoyen* in the plot, at the instance of her fiendish husband. She has fascinated him into a participation in their peril and ruin: but at the right moment the evil one is slain; and the Lady being thus neatly widowed, what man, woman, or child of the Boulevards but glows with emotions of delicious satisfaction on finding her free to throw herself into the arms of him whom she had compromised? In these matters the ways of our neighbours are not our ways.

Once more, besides all its stir and ingenuity, breathless interest and dubious sentiment, 'Le Chevalier' exhibits those gleams of character which are nothing short of wonderful, the haste and fertility of M. Dumas considered. Lorin, the heroic, and his friend Artemise, the Goddess of Reason, have *costume* at least, if not such human individuality as distinguishes an *Ague-*

Cheek from a *Dogberry*: and the former offers a canvas on which M. Lemaitre need not have disdained to bestow his great and powerful art.—In short, let the wise men say what they will of the school and the master (Prudence save the mark!—no schoolmaster!) M. Alexandre Dumas is not a man to be overlooked;—nor is his play, of its order, one to be despised or to have its great merit denied.

Chronicles of Charter-House. By a Carthusian. Bell.

ALTHOUGH as an eleemosynary institution the Charterhouse takes rank among our more modern foundations,—as a monastic establishment founded by that "verey parfaite gentil knight" Sir Walter Manny for friars of the Carthusian order it claims a considerable antiquity—and respectful remembrance, too, from the illustrious character of its founder. From the period of the Conquest, the northern suburbs of London seem to have been a favourite locality for the erection of monastic establishments; and during the first twenty years of the twelfth century the priory and hospital of St. Bartholomew the Great, the Commandery of the Knights of St. John, and the priory of the nuns of Clerkenwell, all arose within a short distance of each other. This portion of modern London, now so thickly peopled, was then but newly reclaimed from the forest—the wide forest of Middlesex; which, as the reader may accurately trace in the minute details of 'Domesday Book,' came down close to Iseldon,—while further westward it appears to have encroached even to the northern side of Holeborne. In the charters of Jordein Brissett, in the 'Monasticon,' it is curious to read of the fields "extra Barram Adredgate," or "near Goose Well," or "bounded by the Turnmill brook." But for more than two hundred years later this part seems still to have retained its rural character: and when the dreadful pestilence which passed over from the eastern boundary of Europe visited our land in 1348, a portion of this locality named "No Man's Land," consisting of three acres, was purchased by Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, for an additional burial ground. The plague continuing, and this proving insufficient, Sir Walter Manny purchased an adjoining piece called the Spital Croft for the same purpose.

The first plan of a monastery for Carthusian friars seems, however, to have originated with Stratford's successor, Michael de Northburgh; who, dying in 1361, bequeathed 2,000L—a sum equal to 22,000L or 24,000L—for the building of a monastery of the Carthusian order on this spot. Sir Walter Manny determined to endow this establishment; and he, therefore, obtained the royal licence to found a convent under the title of "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God." The house was finished in 1370; and little more than two years after the gallant Sir Walter took up his last abode there.

The writer before us is incorrect in using the phrase "the rigorous rule of St. Benedict";—for of all the monastic forms this, the eldest, was the least severe. But the Carthusian rule was very strict. The Clugnacis, too, had already adopted a severe rule when Bruno established his: which chiefly consisted in dwelling in separate huts instead of under a common roof, in almost perpetual silence and confinement within the convent bound. The writer before us, in remarking that "they rose at midnight to sing their matins," seems not to be aware that this was the rule in every conventional establishment. The service, however, was never called "matins," but "nocturne vigile," or "lauds." The Carthusian rule found no great favour in England. There were never

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more than nine houses of the order; and this was to have been the only one that rose to any celebrity. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the Charterhouse was honoured by being the temporary residence of Sir Thomas More; who "gave himself to devotion and prayer, living religiously there, without vow, about four years."

In 1534 the first visitation of this convent was made; and various records lately published have acquainted the reader with the harsh and cruel measures adopted by Henry against the poor brethren of the Charterhouse. The wealth of the establishment was probably a chief cause; since we find the revenue stated at between 1,100*l.* and 1,200*l.* a-year,—a sum equal at least to 9,000*l.* per annum of present money. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that although in the first instance the inmates subscribed to the King's supremacy, other causes of offence were found, and that Prior Houghton was hanged at Tyburn on a vague charge of treason. Subsequently, many of the brethren recanted; when nine were committed to prison, where they died—probably by foul play—and the remainder retired to Bruges. The conventional buildings were either greatly dilapidated or in great measure pulled down; since there are few monastic establishments in or near London of which we can trace such scanty remains as at the Charterhouse. The site was presented to the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Thomas Audley, by the King; and it next became the property of Sir Edward, afterwards Lord, North,—who probably built some of the older parts still remaining. Here, in 1558, Queen Elizabeth on her first arrival in London lodged for some days;—and three years after, she again visited it. On Lord North's death, his son sold the mansion to the Duke of Norfolk; who built, or improved many parts,—among which "the governors' room" may be mentioned. Here the Duke resided until his committal to the Tower; and after his execution this portion of his forfeited estates was granted to his second son, Lord Thomas Howard, subsequently Earl of Suffolk. On James's accession, he also paid a visit here; "and to do abundant honour to his host, he knighted more than eighty gentlemen." The time was, however, approaching when the Charterhouse was again to change owners; for some time in 1609 the Earl of Suffolk sold it to Thomas Sutton for 13,000*l.*

"Of noble and worthy parentage, this gentleman, descended from one of the most ancient families of Lincolnshire, was born at Knaith, in that county, in the year 1531. His father was Edward Sutton, Steward to the Courts of the Corporation of Lincoln, son of Thomas Sutton, servant to Edward IV.; and his mother, Jane, daughter of Robert Stapleton, Esq. * * He was brought up for three years at Eton, under the tuition of Mr. Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely, and two years in St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1553, however, he removed from Cambridge without having taken a degree, and became a student of Lincoln's Inn. But here he did not remain long; his desire of travel increasing with his knowledge, and his principles (he being a member of the Anglican Church) compelling him to leave London, he determined to visit foreign parts. He accordingly departed for Spain, and having stayed there half a year, passed into Italy, France, and the Netherlands. He is said to have taken a part in the Italian wars, and was present at the sacking of Rome, under the Duke of Bourbon. He returned to England in the year 1561. * * When Lord Westmoreland's Rebellion broke out in the North, the Earl of Warwick created Mr. Sutton Master-General of the Ordnance in that quarter, post which he himself had once held; and it appears that Mr. Sutton himself acted as a volunteer, and commanded a battery

* This is stated in Jasper Hylett's letter to Cromwell; but Dugdale, we find, returns it only at 642*l.* There is reason, however, to believe that the government valuations were much below the real value.

at the memorable siege of Edinburgh, when that city held out for the unfortunate Mary. After a blockade of five weeks, the castle surrendered on the 28th of May, 1572. On his return from Scotland, Mr. Sutton obtained a lease of the manors of Gateshead and Wrekham, near Newcastle. This was the source of his immense wealth, for having 'several rich veins of coal,' which he worked with great advantage, he had become, in 1585, worth 50,000*l.* The following year he left Newcastle for London, and assisted against the Spanish Armada, by fitting out a ship named after himself, Sutton, which captured for him a Spanish vessel worth twenty thousand pounds. He brought with him to London the reputation of being a monied man, insomuch that it was reported, 'that his purse returned from the North fuller than Queen Elizabeth's Exchequer'; he was resorted to by citizens, so that in process of time he became the banker of London, and was made a freeman, citizen, and girdler of the city."

In his old age Sutton married a lady said to have been as charitably disposed as himself. The following letter from her, although relating to domestic affairs, is amusing:—

"Good Mr. Sutton,—I send you here inclosed a letter from John Hutton, which came by the carrier, and all is well at Balsham, I thank God; and here is another letter, which I opened before I looked at the superscription, which came by another; it toucheth a widow, wherefore I need not write to you in her behalf, for I know you have great care of the poor for God's cause, though she were a mere stranger. I send here a note for Lenten stores; if you intend to stay here this Lent, you must increase it for Aberdeen and Lyng; and so praying God to bless us both, I commit you to his keeping.—Your loving, obedient Wife,

ELIZ. SUTTON."

Newington, 27th of Jan. 1600.

"Twenty great eels.—Four salmons, good and great.—A barrel of Lowborne herrings, of the bigger boyle.—Forty stock-fish, good and ready beaten.—A cade of sprats, and a cade of red-herrings, them that be good.—Six pounds of figgs, and three pounds of Jordan almonds."

The thrifty old lady died two years after the date of this letter; and her property having reverted to Mrs. Popham, her only daughter, by a former marriage, Sutton seems to have been anxious to discover a mode of bestowing his enormous wealth. "He frequently consulted several of his friends," and it is believed that the suggestions of "Mr. Hall of Waltham," afterwards Bishop Hall, finally determined him in his purpose "to found a Hospital for the maintenance of so many aged men, incapable of work; and also for the education of a certain number of youths, whose parents had not sufficient means to instruct them." Letters patent for the purpose were granted to him in June 1611. He executed his will at the close of November; and departed this life on the 12th of December,—which is annually kept as the "Founder's Day."—

"As soon as convenient his body was removed to a vault in the chapel of Christchurch, London, and was followed by six thousand persons. Some conjecture may be formed as to the number of attendants, when we read, 'that the procession lasted six hours from Dr. Law's house in Paternoster Row to Christchurch.' After the funeral, the gentlemen and attendants assembled at Stationers' Hall, where a sumptuous collation was prepared for them; the hall being strewn with nine dozen bundles of rushes, and the doors hung with black cloth, to give solemnity to the scene. William Camden, Clarenceux, and John Raven, Richmond Herald, attended from the College of Arms."

The will bequeathing such enormous property was soon litigated: and it is amusing to see how anxious King James was to obtain, if possible, "the lion's share,"—and melancholy to find Bacon volunteering, in one of his usual servile letters, to aid the monarch in his rapacious endeavours. The following extract, however, is marked by that great man's far-seeing

judgment; and we may well question whether what he foretells did not come to pass.—

"Concerning the relief of the poor; I hold, some number of hospitals, with competent endowments, will do far more good than one Hospital of an exorbitant greatness; for though the one course will be more seen, yet the other will be more felt. * * Again, greatness of relief accumulated in one place doth rather invite a swarm and surcharge of poor, than relieve those that are naturally bred in that place; like to ill-tempered medicines, that draw more humour to the part than they evacuate from it: but chiefly I rely upon the reason I touched in the beginning, that in these great Hospitals the revenues will draw the use, and not the use the revenues; and so through the mass of wealth they will swiftly tumble down in a mis-employment. And if any man say, that in the two Hospitals in London there is a precedent of greatness concurring with good employment, let him consider that those Hospitals have annual Governors; that they are under the superior care and policy of such a state as the City of London; and chiefly, that their revenues consist not in certainties, but in casualties and free gifts, which gifts would be withheld if they appeared once to be perverted; so as it keepeth them in a continual good behaviour and awe to employ them aright: none of which points do match with the present case."

Eventually, King James, like old Trapbois, hinted to the governors that for "a consideration" he would yield to their wishes; and a donation of 10,000*l.* towards repairing Berwick Bridge having been offered, it was graciously accepted—and the Charterhouse was secured in its privileges. We have some of the original rules for its government;—which contrast amusingly with the present ones. Scholars sent to the universities are to receive the handsome stipend of 16*l.* per annum; and such as are to be bound apprentices, are to have "sixteen pound a-piece in gift, toward their setting out, whereof four marks shall be to apparel the apprentice, and twenty marks to his master." The physician is to have the "yearly fee of twenty pounds,"—and he "shall not exceed the sum of twenty pounds a-year for physick bills." This we think must have been hard; for how could he administer such expensive medicines as "powdered coral" and "aurum potabile" at so small a charge? The poor brethren are to be "gentlemen by descent and in poverty—soldiers that have borne arms by sea or land—merchants decayed by piracy or shipwreck—or servants in household to the king or queen's majesty: and none of these to be under the age of fifty years at the time of admission." Those who have "been maimed in the wars," but not in any private quarrel, were eligible at forty. In respect of the school, the master and usher are to "be careful and discreet to observe the nature and ingenuity of their scholars, and accordingly instruct and correct them."

These details are followed by a minute description of every part of the Charterhouse and by lists of the masters and other officers. Among the celebrated men who held office here may be mentioned, Dr. Patrick, Andrew Tooke, and Dr. Thomas Burnet; which latter made no little stir in his time with his 'Sacred Theory of the Earth,'—a work which the writer here strangely calls "a beautiful and elegant philosophical romance." If it be a romance, it has a comet for its hero and the earth and the stars for subordinate characters. The fact is, it is merely a philosophical essay, endeavouring to prove that all the great changes which have passed over our globe were effected by the agency of comets.

There are few objects of very general interest to be met with in the Charterhouse. The chapel, unfortunately, dates from the later foundation; and thus no memorial of the illustrious Sir Walter Manny, or of the other noble or distinguished personages of that time, has been

preserved. The chief feature here is the tomb of Master Sutton—an elaborate and most expensive piece of work; and it is certainly "a most superb specimen of the monumental taste in the reign of James the First"—but then monumental taste was at that time almost down to zero. There are some curious details in the "bill of costs," for this expensive memorial. "Nine loads of alabaster," "sixty foot of rause," and "eighty foot of touch," prove its immense size. But then for the adornments, we have "two capitaines sitting" for 10/-—"Faith, Hope and Charite" for 15/- "For roses and flowers" 6/- are given; while "two death's heads and one cherubim's" are thrown in for 5/-. The painting and gilding come to 20/-, the "working in alabaster to 50/-,—and the whole amounts to the sum of 366/- 15/-.

The details comprised in these Chronicles will, we doubt not, prove interesting to "Carthusians"—who, rightly enough, estimate the Charthouse highly: but that "this work of charity hath exceeded any foundation that ever was in the Christian world," or that "the eye of time did never see the like," are propositions which might serve for toasts on the Founder's Day, but which we think few readers will be disposed to agree to.

Observations made at the Magnetical and Meteorological Observatory at St. Helena during the Years 1840—3. Printed under the Superintendence of Col. Sabine. Longman & Co.

THIS is the first volume of a projected series intended to elucidate the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism at St. Helena;—and forms a link of the great chain of magnetical and meteorological records publishing by the Government and the Royal Society.

The instruments employed in the observatory are of the more approved construction; those used for meteorological observations were carefully compared with the standard instruments belonging to the Royal Society. The diurnal variation of the magnet in St. Helena presents the remarkable features of an apposite movement at the different seasons of the year, according as the sun is north or south of the terrestrial equator. The diurnal variation of the horizontal force, says Col. Sabine, is remarkable for the simplicity of its character. The force is greatest about noon, and least about nine or ten o'clock in the evening; and the progression between the maximum and the minimum is continuous and uninterrupted. The precise hour of the maximum may be considered to be midway between 23^h and 0^h generally, and the hour of the minimum 9^h or 10^h, except in May, June, and July, when it occurs at 11^h. The increase of force from the hour of minimum is slow during the hours of the night, but becomes accelerated about 18^h, and continues so until about 23^h. The decrease is nearly as rapid from 1^h to 7^h.

The remarkable difference which takes place in the diurnal variation of the declination at this station at opposite seasons of the year gives a more than usual interest to the examination of the influence of season on the periodical variations of all the magnetic elements; and, accordingly separate means have been taken for the horizontal force for the months from April to September inclusive, and from October to March. The increase of force about the hour of noon is greatest, on the average, in the half year from April to September: this peculiarity is most marked in the months of April and May, and appears also to be partaken in by March, though in a somewhat less degree, whilst November and December are the months in which the increase of force about the hour of noon is least."

The meteorological observations embraced in this volume extend over a period of five years, from 1841 to 1845 inclusive. They present

some features of considerable interest. It is important to premise that the Observatory situated at Longwood is 1765 feet above low water mark. The mean temperature deduced from the observations of five years is 61°4: a maximum is attained about the middle of March, and a minimum early in September. The progression from the maximum to the minimum, and from the minimum to the maximum, is continuous; the mean is passed through at nearly equal intervals,—viz., early in June and about the middle of December. The mean height of the thermometer in the different months ranged from 57°07 in September to 66°24 in March; being a difference in the average of only 9°17 between the hottest and coldest months. The lowest recorded height of the thermometer in the five years was 52°0 in September 1845,—and the highest 77°6 in March 1842. By a series of hourly observations the temperature was found to be 7°07 higher at the sea side than at the Observatory.

The barometer pressure derived from the five years of observation has a minimum in the beginning of March and a maximum towards the end of July; and between those periods the progression from the maximum to the minimum and from the minimum to the maximum is continuous and uninterrupted. The mean pressure in the five years was 28.278 in.—or, with the correction of +007 to the Royal Society's flint glass standard barometer applied, 28.285 in. The mean in March, which is the lowest month, was 28.232 in.—and in July, which is the highest month, 28.367 in. The range in the different months was, therefore, 0.135 in. The greatest depression which occurred at any observation hour during the five years was 28.094 in. on March 14, 1843; and the greatest elevation 28.497 in. on July 9, 1842:—extreme range in five years, 0.403 in. Although the annual variation is very small, it is very systematic and regular. The months during which the barometer is highest are those in which the temperature is lowest; and conversely, the months in which the barometer is lowest are those in which the temperature is highest. The annual variation of the wind at St. Helena is at all times so small that Osler's anemometer, furnished even with the improved delicate springs, does not afford means to measure its variations. An anemometer invented by Dr. Robinson, which records the velocity of even the slightest winds, has been sent out,—and is expected to furnish a true and exact measure of the current of the trade wind. As far as the recorded observations go, it appears that the force of the wind has a decided maximum between 22^h and 23^h, and a minimum about 4^h. From 5^h or 6^h to 15^h it remains nearly stationary; except that there is a tendency to a second maximum at 11^h shown in both years, followed, by a maximum also of inferior character, at 13^h. At 0^h and 16^h the pressure coincides with the mean of the twenty-four hours. The direction of the wind varies but little from the S.E. The amount of rain recorded by the rain gauge was in 1841, 68.92; in 1842, 90.46; in 1843, 37.18; in 1844, 20.02; in 1845, 19.41. In 1841 Capt. Lefroy established rain-gauges at three other points of the island for the purpose of obtaining a comparative estimate of the quantity of rain. The stations were:—1. Near the highest pinnacle of the island, on a very narrow ridge of rock. 2. Lower down on the same ridge of hills. 3. Longwood Observatory. 4. James Valley. The first three stations might be comprehended in a circle of

one mile radius, and the fourth is a little more distant. The quantities of rain received at these stations during nine months of 1841, were as follows:—1. at 2,644 feet elevation 22.63 in.; 2. at 1991 ft. 27.11 in.; 3. at 1782 ft. 43.42 in.; 4. at 414 ft. 7.63 in.

By far the greater portion of this important volume is occupied by the magnetical and meteorological term observations,—which the inquirer into these sciences may consult with advantage. As the book is of too costly a nature for scientific men generally, it is important to state that copies of it have been liberally presented by government to the leading scientific societies and institutions.

Treasury of Spanish Novelists—[*Tesoro de Novelistas Españoles*].—With Introduction and Notes by Don Eugenio de Ochoa. Vol. II. Paris, Baudry.

THE second part of this collection brings us to the middle of the seventeenth century,—at which period Castilian prose is allowed to have reached its highest perfection. Nearly all its greatest writers, indeed, of all classes flourished under the third and fourth Philips. Cervantes, Lope, Quevedo and Calderon belong to this era; together with a host of less celebrated authors, that shine out like lesser stars around the chief lights of Spanish literature. The novelists of this distinguished period are very superior in matter to any of those we lately noticed, excepting only Mendoza: and their style will be found replete with the beauty and force that prose composition owed to the examples of Cervantes and Mendoza. The most illustrious names of the seventeenth century will not, indeed, be met with here; as they have already appeared earlier, in special editions of the several authors belonging to the present series. Of the less known pieces which are collected in this volume, all may be studied with pleasure as models, some of the richest, others of the purest Castilian:—and many of them are characteristic and entertaining to a degree likely to invite the least curious reader.

Perez de Montalvan,—the pupil, as he boasted himself to be, of Lope de Vega,—opens the procession, with two novels from his *Sucessos y Prodigios de Amor*; a collection of tales distinct from that curious miscellany of prose and poetry, learning and entertainment, not inaptly christened *Para Todos*,—or, as we may freely translate it, *Omnibus Book*. These, as the title of the work promises, are romantic stories, in which the various frets and windings of a course of true love, running, in a torrent "never smooth," amidst all kinds of hindrances, are depicted in a style of the highest sentimental colouring.—The second tale, the 'Love of Two Cousins,' is more than commonly interesting. So rapid are the changes of the plot, and so curiously does one perplexity follow the other, keeping up an exciting degree of surprise to the close, that one would call it a most ingenious fiction, did not the author assure us that the main incidents are matters of fact. This to a modern reader would rather enhance the pleasure of the narrative, by the vivid contrast it must suggest between the ways and troubles of our times and those of a period in which events such as Montalvan relates could figure as possible facts. The trait in the following passage is characteristic. The 'Two Cousins,' it must be premised, brought up in the same house, have been sundered by the determination of Lucia's father to marry her elsewhere. Upon this, Lisardo, the lover, flies, intending to leave Spain, where he cannot bear to see his cousin in the arms of another. She, in her turn—on the eve, of the wedding day—determines, in a fit of despair, to escape;

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and, aided by a friend of Lisardo's, takes the road for Seville in pursuit of her lover. Both in succession fall, on the way, into the hands of a gang of outlaws lurking for plunder.—

The night, in short, was so dark, that Lisardo became somewhat anxious, knowing that the district was dangerous: and while in this apprehension he heard a noise of something close at hand, which, at such an hour, was naturally a cause of alarm, that induced him to throw himself off his horse and draw his sword, in readiness for what might befall him. A few instants later he could perceive a bulky figure, that in a night so dark might easily have concealed itself more carefully than it did amongst the surrounding trees. To ask who it was, with his sword pointed at the stranger's breast, was with Lisardo the act of a moment. But the man, without showing any alarm, bade him, if he wished to preserve his life, deliver whatever might be on his person; adding, that to do otherwise would be an act of self-destruction that would expose him to be cut to pieces by the man's comrades, who were more in number than he might fancy. It occurred to Lisardo that this menance of numbers might be merely a trick of the robber's to carry through his attempt the more easily; and, committing the answer to his sword and to his valiant heart, he began the assault with such a gallant vigour as forced the other to fall back in self-defence; but in a short time, at the signal of a whistle, and the clashing of the swords, there gathered round him more enemies than he had counted upon. All of them joined in attacking him; while the unfortunate gentleman set himself to thwart their purpose as well as he could, drawing backward, and defending himself with all the address that necessity could teach him. One of these very enemies, seeing Lisardo display such proofs of valour, and thinking it pity that one who could so well fight for his life should die a violent death, placed himself as a second at Lisardo's side, keeping back his companions with both voice and sword:—and, turning to Lisardo, told him that the main purpose of those whom he now present was to rob men of their property, but not to take their lives; although when resistance was excessive, their covetousness grew into revenge, and enterprise became an offence; and therefore he implored, for the affection he bore so generous a soul, that he would not wilfully rush on his own death, but come with them for that night, as well to escape from the threatening looks of the weather as to get some dressing put on a slight wound that had been given him on the sword hand. * * They arrived at some concealed caverns, a building wrought out by nature herself as a dwelling for shepherds, who are exposed in December to deluges from the sky, and in July must submit to be scorched by the sun:—and, putting him into one of these, they applied to his wound some balsam (a general and wholesome remedy on all sudden occasions). They took from him, moreover, all that he possessed; for robber's *concupiscentia* may extend to the reprise of life, but not to any omission of the seizure of property.

This last trait belongs to the essentials of your thief's character in all places and times; but the assistance offered by one of the outlaws, the motives for giving it, and the manner of its allowance by the rest of the band, are distinctive features of the Spanish highwayman of a particular era.

The next novel is not only the most considerable in length of any in this volume, but in our view by very much the best piece it contains; if, indeed, we may not go as far as Mr. Borrow, who, in noticing the work in his *Account of the Zembla*, declares *El Donado Hablador* to be positively the best of Spanish novels, ‘Don Quixote’ only excepted. It is, we believe, little known in this country. The author, Doctor Geronimo de Alcala (a native of Segovia, 1563—1632), although “he wrote various works on religious subjects,” is now solely remembered for this his only secular composition;—naturally enough, as it is a racy and amusing performance, and the religious books, we hear, were but of “slender merit.” The thread of the tale is that common and simple one which has already been described as running through most of the

novels that describe daily life and manners. The hero is *The Talkative Lay-Brother*, otherwise *Alonzo, the Servant of many Masters*; and the story is his account, related in the first person, of what he saw, did and suffered in changes of this service; with occasional breaks and comments from the several ecclesiastics to whom in both the parts Alonzo tells his adventures. These are amusing and varied enough. We travel in his company over all Spain; visit Portugal—then subject to the crown of Castile—and even get as far as the Indies: make acquaintance with many kinds of oddities and originals; and find, in these constant changes of place, and “ups and downs” of fortune, which bring us into contact with various forms of society as it then existed, an entertainment that never becomes fatiguing. But the real virtue of the book lies in the manner in which the character of Alonzo himself is quietly developed, as he proceeds in his story. This is done without effort or affectation, by natural degrees, and without any preparatory flourishes. The grave rich humour of the picture, portraying a distinct image of the man—good-natured, somewhat covetous and selfish, a waif floating to and fro on the surface of things—endowed with an irresistible propensity to advise, and gifted with a ten-parson faculty of lecturing and preaching on all occasions—rises before us by degrees, as he describes what happened to him, ever growing broader in outline and stronger in colour, until at length the whole living original, provocative of excellent mirth, of a kind sober rather than boisterous, is fairly seated before us. In the manner of producing this effect by the true plastic art of genius, Doctor Geronimo may claim a resemblance, though in a humble degree, with Cervantes. In his book, as well as in the ‘Don Quixote,’ the life of a real character, visibly present to the eye of the author's mind, is transfused through every detail of the work, seldom revealing itself by express descriptions, but stealing upon the spectator in nice shades of colour, in those unconscious and graphic motions and expressions that grow spontaneously out of the truth of real conception. At first this property is scarcely perceived; the quaint spirit breathing from the figure steals upon the reader by insensible degrees—while the adventures only seem to claim his attention. It is not, however, until we begin to feel the peculiarities of the narrator through the incidents and tone of his story, that its true relish is tasted. The flavour grows more hearty and inviting to its close; and at last we take leave of our sententious friend with the feeling that another real character has been added to our store of originals:—a character of genuine metal, bearing a curious stamp of old Spanish device.

An effect, produced in the way we have described, cannot be made apparent by extracting any single passage or number of passages. It is the result of all the nicer touches and details in the book, in their natural sequence and connexion. An amusing prolixity is inherent in the very idea of the character; and the personal traits float on an abundant stream of narrative, apologue, and moral reflection, with which Alonzo “improves” his own experiences and the doings of all with whom they have made him acquainted. At every step of his relation he digresses to tell some apposite story, or mention an anecdote which the subject has called to mind; and in this profusion of talk, itself a main property of the character, the peculiar humour of the man makes itself felt in slight, unexpected tones, the expression of which is only betrayed by their whimsical recurrence. This chief merit of the work, therefore, can but be generally described:—a passage or two may be given as

specimens of the miscellaneous matter abounding in it. The novel, indeed, contains, independently of any other matter of value, a greater variety of anecdotes, sayings, fables, and other such extra ware, than will be found in most books of entertainment, even in Spanish fiction, —which is generally rich in accessories.

In the first part we find Alonzo settled as a lay-brother (*Donado*) in a monastery of “strict observance,” to which place of refuge he has betaken himself in middle age, after sundry failures in the attempt to make his fortune by serving “many masters.” To the *padre vicario* of the order, curious to learn the course of his former life, Alonzo relates his adventures up to the period of his taking service in the cloister. From the narrative we learn how it happened that they have been so many:—the loss of his various employments, one after the other, has been caused by an untameable propensity to tell his masters their faults to their faces. His lectures on their conduct—wise enough as to the matter of exhortation—are, indeed, singularly officious and indiscreet as regards time and place. The *naïveté* of the exhibition is enhanced by our discovery that this Mentor of others has paid but little attention in the mean time to the amendment of his own defects,—that the preacher, fertile in all kinds of edifying admonitions to his neighbours, always forgets to practise the lessons he inculcates. The second part shows one exception to the rule that applies to most continuations of successful works. We think it in every way superior to the first; fuller of character, more various in incident, and coloured with a richer humour than the first. Here we learn that Alonzo's instructing propensities had not been tamed by the discipline of the cloister. After he has lived there for a while, on good terms with his superiors, the old Adam breaks out in his discourses to them; and the monks, after bearing much edifying reproof, grow weary of the mere lay-brother who presumes to advise them as gravely as if he were an archbishop. His former patron, the *vicario* himself, is one of the first to take offence. He finds no pleasure in the sententiousness so much admired in Alonzo's remarks on the lives of others, when it is exercised on his own conduct. The monks assemble in a chapter, and expel the moralist from the monastery. From this period he has to face the world again, with stranger fortunes than before. He falls amongst gypsies; then finds a valuable prize of money, and on the strength of it assumes the character of a *hidalgo*; makes a daring trial of married life with an old woman,—who comforts him as might have been expected. After her death, he falls into scarcely a worse captivity in Algiers; and at last, ransomed by the Fathers of the Trinity, returns, weary, but still talkative as ever, to end his days in an Asturian hermitage; where we find him relating to a curate these passages of his latter life, with all his wonted copiousness.

The following, one of the many digressions which Alonzo loves, ends with a truly Spanish picture of one of that tribe of *ciegos*, or blind beggars, who lived on the church-door alms:—

“But I feared,” he says on one occasion, when he was thinking of procuring some convenience from a feigned sickness, “lest it might happen to me as it did to that poor man, with the great Bishop of Tours, who, desiring to extract some money from him (for even the beggars have their devices), and knowing that the glorious Saint Martin was so charitable, and a great almsgiver, called to him another fellow, like himself, a comrade, and said to him—‘Stretch yourself out on the ground here, and I will cover you up with this cloak; and when the bishop passes, I will say that you have fallen dead, and shall then beg him to give me some assistance for your burial; when he, being a person conversant with such

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good deeds, will, with liberal and generous hand, give us some great alms. As he said, so did they: but while he was thinking to play the saint a trick, the pretended dead man died in very earnest. For God is not pleased that men should jest with his servants and friends, and like tricks never came to good. I, on the other hand, ever abhorred even those plays and entertainments in which people use to afflict and give blows to each other; the actors in such sports coming off either with loss of eyes, feet, or arms, or at least sorely hurt, from their barbarous pastimes. In truth, I say, I had this fear, imagining, perchance, if I feign myself sick, it may befall me to remain so in reality; and for one in my condition this would have been a ferment far too costly, and not a little detested. For even in this necessity, and although poor — [here Alonzo, as usual, breaks off the sentence to run after another story] — not in the manner of a certain blind man of Andalusia; who, being somewhat weak of sight, but not so utterly deprived of it that he could not have worked to gain his food in some other way, was tempted by covetousness, and devised how to assume the office of a blind man; to which end he sought him out a boy, took a staff to lean upon, and with a loud voice began to beg alms; promising to pray and recite, for the good of those who might give, the orison of St. Gregory, that of the Just Judge, the separation of body and soul, the story of the 11,000 virgins, with their glorious queen, St. Ursula. The other blind men of his district had a great spite against him for this; and complained of the new rival as of one who had robbed them of their ordinary support, having, as he indeed had, enough of sight for any other employment by which he might have procured victuals. The judge heard the pleas, and taking the side of his opponents, banished from the town this false Longinus; who, as he went forth in pursuitance of the sentence, calling to his Lazarillo, and comforting himself in discourse, said thus to him: — 'Go along, my boy; never care a debt for them all; for I trust in God that before a year is well over I may yet hope to be stoned blind, and thus shall I be revenged of mine enemies.'"

Not less national and racy is the following theatrical sketch of an amateur "miracle play":—

In a village of Old Castile, one Corpus Christi day, some young peasant fellows, to improve the festival and add to its rejoicings, got up a representation; and this was an *auto* of the supper of Christ our Lord. There was set on the stage a table very well provided, whereat the twelve Apostles took their places to eat with their master. There was brought forth a whole lamb in a great silver bowl; this they cut into pieces, and went on eating it up, and with such hearty good will, too, as is natural when youths fall upon such a repast, in the prime of their lives. The one who represented the person of the glorious Evangelist St. John, although he had to be shown as if asleep in the bosom of our Lord, yet, when he saw the other apostles eating, from time to time, as well as he could, reached out with one hand, and got some of the best morsels of the lamb, thus helping his comrades to despatch it. The lad who played the part of Judas, enraged at the apostle, seeing that he did not preserve the decorum he ought, said to him in great anger, "Either you are a St. John or no St. John; if you are St. John, sleep and do not eat; if you are not, eat, but let some one else play your part!" And thus Señora, &c.—[proceeds Alonso; with an improvement of the story, which the reader may be spared].

Another passage, we trust, will be welcome, for the sake of its curious vein of illustration. It gives as fair a specimen of the author's serious manner as could perhaps be found in a suitable compass anywhere in the book:—and the concluding anecdote is of a kind somewhat rare in Spanish secular literature.

In the Indies, amongst many other waters of those countries, there is one ample river which they call the Rio de la Plata ; on the banks whereof grow beautiful trees bearing marvellous fruits, a provision for the support both of the inhabitants of that land and of numberless monkeys that swarm on the banks. These animals, sporting and leaping, spring from branch to branch of that handsome and pleasant belt of trees, from which the branches grow out so broadly

that many of them reach far over the river. The monkeys, diverted with their sports, and heedless of the risk and danger which threaten them, do not always take their flights with such care as to escape, in many cases, from falling into the current of the stream. The force of the water is great, the point from which they fall high over head, the river wide; and thus, without a chance of saving themselves, however well they may swim, they perish by drowning. At the sound of each plunge, those which are still in the trees advance their heads to see what may be the matter, and seeing it, as if frightened, leave off play for awhile;—but they soon return to their pastime, until some other monkey falls in—a true picture of our life! There falls into the river of Death our neighbour, friend or kinsman; the alarm of his misfortune startles us; for a few days the memory of the calamity keeps us troubled, apprehensive, and melancholy, but in a brief space of time, it happens with us, as with those monkeys, until there falls some other, and the past spectres of the imagination are revived for awhile. Nay, we can even walk amongst the dead,—and not with such fear as befall that gentleman, a soldier, of whom they relate that, having lost by death a great friend of his, he retired one night to his chamber, and there in much sorrow began to bewail his loss and hapless fate; until, overcome by fatigue and exhausted with weeping, he lay down on the bed, leaving a taper burning on a cabinet that stood in the room. But he had not well laid himself between the sheets, when, turning his head, he saw close at his side the deceased friend, so pale and emaciated that the sight mainly alarmed him. The two looked at each other; and without a word on either side the dead man thereupon began to undress himself piece by piece, and leaving his garments upon the cabinet where the light stood, he came to the bed of his friend, and lifting up the coverlet got into bed with him. The living friend, in great fright, did nothing but shrink away from the other, edging as far off as he could, drawing the blanket round him, and almost thrusting his legs out of the bed; but could not so far as to avoid the deceased touching them with one of his, so icy cold that it seemed as if the chill of it pierced through his whole body, just as though he had been buried in a great heap of snow:—and annoyed by a company so unpleasant, he showed the guest his displeasure at this with indignant looks. Whereupon the dead man, disgusted with the bad reception his friend gave him, without unclosing his lips, got up, and began to dress himself again; and without any parting salutation, went out of the chamber:—leaving the other in such discomposure, that for some months he could not get rid of the agitation caused by the visit of this departed friend.

The space we have now left will barely allow us to notice the remaining contents of this volume. Had the *Donado Hablador* been a work of less merit and better known than it appears to be, we might begrudge the room it has occupied,—in consequence of which we are forced to thrust as it were into a corner some other figures of no common merit. The novels of Doña María de Zayas are thought by the editor to surpass all others in this series; they are certainly highly ingenious and amusing, with more decision of manner and knowledge of life than are usually found in the fictions of ladies. She is also herself an object of interest, as one of the earliest of those few female authors in modern literature whose writings have enjoyed a permanent success. Her two sets of novels—which, since her death have always been published together, under the title *Novelas Ejemplares y Amorosas*—contain several pieces that have scarcely been surpassed in their kind, by any other Castilian author; and they read as freshly now as when Lope de Vega, in his *Laurel de Apolo*, sang the praises of the witty and observant authoress. From the *Castigo de la Miseria*, one of the novels selected by Don Eugenio, the idea of Beaumont and Fletcher's Copper Captain and the trick played upon him has apparently been borrowed.—The

others chosen are of less merit merely as pictures of manners; although more graceful and sentimental, than that clever sketch of avarice punished by deception. But the merit in none of these pieces rises above the limits of the ordinary *novela*. The reason of our preference of the *Alonzo*, is, that it ascends into a higher range of composition than the most skilful weaving of incidents, or even the cleverest *description* of character, can reach. It may be a matter of some surprise that this property of Doctor Geronimo's novel should have been unnoticed, or if noticed, passed over in silence, by the present editor.

The *Garduña* (ferret or weasel) *de Sevilla*, one of the liveliest and most readable of the small *picarón* stories, by Castillo Solorzano, we may also regret to pass over with the barest possible mention,—the rather because here again the editor speaks more slightly of the author than we think he deserves. He was one of the most fertile writers, in many styles, of the seventeenth century; and a great part of what he has left may still be read with pleasure. He has written the history of this fair sinner in a manner more lively and less discursive than is usual with him; and the picture of clever roguery it exhibits, however unpleasing to the moral sense, has something in its colouring that almost reconciles us to the heroine, and prepares us to hear with a certain satisfaction that the close of her tricksy and perilous career was unexpectedly prosperous. There are also two or three very good novels of the sentimental sort thrown in—by devices that could only be appropriate in Spain—amidst the schemes and adventures of the main story. Altogether, we should pronounce this tale to be perhaps the fittest of any we have read to be named as a favourable and not over-quaintly coloured specimen of the *gusto picresco*. Other novels by the same author, but of less merit, bring us to the close of the volume:—of which the principal contents have now been mentioned.

For the present we must postpone such remarks as we may have to offer on certain features of the writers and writings which we have been reviewing, that seem to deserve a brief notice. A volume so full of substantial matter as we have found in this,—containing several independent works of a high class, each a little book in itself,—presents too many objects for especial mention to leave any place for general comment. This may be attempted, with less injustice to the productions immediately before us, when we come to the last division of the Spanish Novelists:—amongst whom we cannot expect to find many who deserve so much attention as was but due to the authors we have just now been trying, in some measure, to describe.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Jane Eyre: an Autobiography. Edited by Currier Bell, 3 vols.—There is so much power in this novel as to make us overlook certain eccentricities in the invention, which trench in one or two places on what is improbable, if not unpleasant. Jane Eyre is an orphan thrown upon the protection—or, to speak correctly, the cruelty—of relations living in an out-of-the-way corner of England; who neglect, maltreat, chastise, and personally abuse her. She becomes dogged, revengeful, superstitious: and at length, after a scene,—which we hope is out of nature now that “the Iron Rule” is over-ruled and the reign of the tribe Squires ended,—the child turns upon her persecutors with such precocious power to threaten and alarm, that they condemn her to an *oubliette*—sending her out of the house to a so-called charitable institution. There she has again to prove wretchedness, hard fare, and misconstruction. The trial, however, is this time not unaccompanied by more gracious influences. Jane Eyre is taught,

by example, that patience is nobler than passion; and so far as we can gather from her own confessions, grows up into a plain, self-sustained young woman, with a capital of principle sufficient to regulate those more dangerous gifts which the influences of her childhood had so exasperated. Weary of the monotonous life of a teacher, she advertises for the situation of a governess; and is engaged into an establishment—singular, but not without prototype—to take care of the education of the French ward of a country gentleman; which said girl proves, when called by her right name, to be the child of an opera *danseuse*. The pretty, frivolous, little faery Adele, with her hereditary taste for dress, coquetry, and pantomimic grace, is true to life. Perhaps, too—we dare not speak more positively—there is truth in the abrupt, strange, clever Mr. Rochester; and in the fearless, original way in which the strong man and the young governess travel over each other's minds till, in a puzzled and uncomfortable manner enough, they come to a mutual understanding. Neither is the mystery of Thornfield an exaggeration of reality. We, ourselves, know of a large mansion-house in a distant county where, for many years, a miscreant was kept in close confinement, and his existence, at best, only darkly hinted in the neighbourhood. Some such tale as this was told in a now-forgotten novel—‘Sketches of a Seaport Town.’ We do not quarrel with the author of ‘Jane Eyre’ for the manner in which he has made the secret explode at a critical juncture of the story. From that point forward, however, we think the heroine is too outrageously tried, and too romantically assisted in her difficulties—until arrives the last moment, at which obstacles fall down like the battlements of *Castile Melodrame*, in the closing scene, when “avenging thunder strikes the towers of Crime, and for above in Heaven’s ethereal light young Hyphem’s flower-decked temple shines revealed.” No matter, however—as exciting strong interest of its old-fashioned kind ‘Jane Eyre’ deserves high praise, and commendation to the novel-reader who prefers story to philosophy, pedantry, or Puseyite controversy.

A Treatise upon the Political and Social Condition of Europe from the Fall of the Roman Empire down to the beginning of the Sixteenth Century. By Augustus Sussex Milbank. — The man whose “information must necessarily be second-hand,” and who acknowledges that he has no “originality” in his views, can have no claim to be listened to on such a subject as this. His information is not only second-hand, but often inexact; his sentiments are puerile, his style is loose, rambling and ungrammatical. We fail to detect any purpose whatever in the pamphlet. Mr. Milbank may rest, as he says, “content with having made an effort to prove himself a useful member of the British community”—and failed.

Key to the Map of Canaan. Part I. By Miss Jane Smart.—Hebrew history made easy for children: an attempt to fix the principal events in scripture story in the young memory by means of reference to a map—explained by such passages in the Sacred Writings as describe the events which took place in the neighbourhood of the most remarkable places; especially such as possess an historical or moral interest. The plan is as old as any method of tuition. The present version contains nothing that is novel either in the design or execution. Nor, judging from the production before us, should we suppose that the tone and characters of the writer’s mind fit her for the duties and responsibilities of an elementary historical instructor.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ackermann’s Illuminated Almanack for 1848, 40. 1s. 6d. card. Adcock’s Engineer’s Pocket Book for 1848, 4c. 8vo. 6s. roan tuck. Autobiography (The) of Rose Allen, edited by a Lady, 8vo. 4s. cl. Barnes’ (Rev. Dr.) *Autobiography of the Bishop of Llandaff*, 1s. 11. 2s. 6d. Bullock’s (Mrs. C. L.) *Woman’s Scripture*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Buxton Hall, with Text, by S. C. Hall, imp. 4to. 12l. 21. 6d. Cawever (J. J.) *Questions upon Scripture History*, 3rd ed. 18mo. 2s. cl. Bryn’s (Rev. Dr.) *University Sermons* at Cambridge, 5s. 6d. Bryn’s (Rev. Dr.) *Men and Manners*, 1s. 6d. cl. Brock’s (W. J.) *Way-side Verses*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl. Bryn’s (J. D.) *Pauline Seaward*, a Tale of Real Life, 2nd ed. 2s. cl. Bryn’s (Rev. Dr.) *Shilling Pocket Book*; Illum. 1s. 6d.; Pict. 2s. 6d.; Royal, 6s. 6d. Bryn’s Annual, 1848, Illuminated Patent Vellum, 5s. plates; Price 1s. 6d. Cawever (The), a Tale by G. P. R. James, 3 vols. pt. 8vo. 31s. 6d. Chapman (The), a Physiology, by Dr. A. Physiology applied to Health and Education, 7s. 6d. Dixie’s (Rev. Dr.) *Anthropology of Religion*, (Collier’s Series) 12mo. 1s. 6d. Ellice’s *Tea-leaves* (The) and *Tea-leaves* (The), 1s. 6d. s. w. Kynaston’s (Lord) *Speeches with a Memoir*, by L. D. Brougham, 42s. Powers (W. B.) *Classical Tales and Legends*, 12mo. 3s. cl.

Hamilton’s (Mrs.) *Housekeeping Book*; on Family Ledger, 8vo. 1s. Harden Hall; or, the Three Proposals, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. Hints to the Sick, the lame, and the lazy, by a Veteran, 7s. 6d. 6d. Howitt’s *Home and Haunts of the English Poets*, 2nd ed. 8vo. 30s. Howitt’s *Days of Spain*, 2nd ed. 4to. 6s. 6d. Jane Eyre: An Autobiography, edited by Current Bell, 3 vols. 31s. 6d. Lawson’s *Bible Cyclopaedia*, with Essays, by Fleming & Scott, 22s. cl. Linwood’s (Rev. W.) *Lexicon to Æschylus*, 2nd ed. 8vo. 12s. cl. Lumley’s *Gen. Consolidated Order of Poor Law Commissioners*, 4s. 6d. Lyell’s *Principles of Geology*, 3 vols. 12s. cl. Matteucci’s *Physical Phenomena of the Human Beings*, post 8vo. 9s. cl. Medicco’s *Physical Transactions*, (Vol. XXX.) Vol. XI. 8vo. 12s. cl. Marsden’s (J. B.) *Sermons from the Old Testament*, 12mo. 6s. cl. Newton’s (Rev. J. C.) *Cardiphonia*, new ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl. Ogden’s (C. K.) *Outline of the Order of the Universe*, 12mo. 6s. cl. Parent’s (C. G.) *Book of Amusement and Instruction*, 6 vols. 20s. 6d. each. Pictures of Private Life, by Mrs. Ellis, 7th ed. 3 vols. 12mo. 5s. each. Pictet’s *Private Life*; the Book of Private Devotion, 21st thousand, 2s. 6d. Pictet’s *Private Life*; the Book of Private Devotion, 21st thousand, 2s. 6d. Rees’ (W.) *Imperial Dictionary*, 2nd edition for 1848, 12mo. 12s. cl. Retzsch’s *Shakspeare’s Dramatic Works*, 1 vol. 35s. swd. Rogers’ (Rev. G. A.) *Sermons at St. James’s Chapel, Clapham*, 6s. Ryies’ (Rev. J. S.) *Young Men Exhort*, a Sermon, 12mo. 6s. cl. Schneider’s (J. H.) *Secret History of Russia*, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. cl. Schreiber’s (J. H.) *How to tell his Discrepancies*, 12mo. 6s. cl. Shorey’s *Account Book*, 4to. 3s. 6d. Shirley’s (Dr.) *Bampton Lectures for 1847*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. Shirley’s (Dr.) *Bampton Lectures for 1847*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. Songs of Shakespeare, illustrated by the Etching Club, imp. 4to. 21s. Swords’ (Rev. T.) *First Seventeen Articles of Church of England*, 7s. 6d. Tait’s (W.) *Principles of Chemistry*, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. cl. Thomson’s (J. S.) *Seasons with Notes*, by Dr. Thomson, 7s. 6d. cl. Trollope’s (W. T.) *Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles*, 6s. cl. Vincent’s (J. P.) *Observations on Surgical Practice*, 8vo. 12s. cl. What is my Duty? edited by Rev. A. Martineau, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl. Waddington’s (J. C.) *Practical Guide to the Law*, 12mo. 6s. cl. Warwick’s *Eden the Poet’s Pianissimo*, square 8vo. 30s. cl. Whately’s (A. J.) *Lectures on a Future State*, 6th ed. 12mo. 5s. cl. Wharton’s *Law Lexicon*; or, *Dictionary of Jurisprudence*, 12. 18s. Wharton’s (J.) *Arithmetical and Mensuration with Logarithms*, 4s. cl. Woolley’s (Rev. Dr. J.) *Sermons at Rossall College*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

POLK-LORE.

THE FOLK-LORE OF SHAKSPEARE.

By William J. Thomas.

No. VII.—Queen Mab.

Mercutio. Oh, then I see Queen Mab has been with you. *Benvolio.* Queen Mab? What’s she!—*Ed.* 1597.

The whole Fairy Mythology of Shakspeare, varied and extensive as it is, does not present us with any subject so pregnant with curious speculation as is the exquisite description of the Fairy Queen which he has placed in the mouth of Mercutio, in reply to that question of Benvolio, “Queen Mab! what’s she?”—which we agree with Mr. Hunter in thinking “ought by all means to be retained as affording a just pretence for the long description of the practices and attributes of Queen Mab that follows:*

She is the fairies’ midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
Or the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atoms
Over men’s noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners’ legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider’s web;
The collars, of the moonshine’s watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket’s bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick’d from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies’ coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lover’s brains, and then they dream of love—
On courtiers’ knees, that dream on courtiers’ knees—
O'er-fairies’ fingers, who straight dream on fees—
O'er ladies’ lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier’s nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig’s tail,
Tickling a person’s nose as ‘a’ lies asleep.
Then he dreams of another benefit.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier’s neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And makes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the bag, when maids lie on their backs
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, this is she.

In this admirable outpouring of Shakspeare’s abundant fancy we see the Fairy Queen—not, as in the ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ graced with a name borrowed from Shakspeare’s classical recollections, and in that name, as in many of her attributes, bearing strong marks of her affinity to

Modest Dian, circled with her nymphs—

but she is here presented to us under a totally different aspect,—under a name which, although it has

* New Illustrations of the Life, Studies and Writings of Shakespeare, II. 135.

hitherto passed without notice from the commentators, calls for much examination, and invested with properties which identify her with the Night Hag of popular superstition. This fact furnishes us with another proof how intricately the many-coloured web of that superstition is interwoven. When considering the name of Puck, we have seen how closely that epithet identifies the Fairies with the race of Fallen Angels; and in this beautiful passage from ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ we find the Fairy Queen invested with the attributes of one of the most repulsive and the most dreaded of all the mysterious creations which the busy imagination of uninstructed man has ever called into existence.

And that this connexion between the powers of the elfin race and the dreaded visitations of the Night-mare arises from no confusion in the mind of Shakspeare is evident from the fact that his great predecessor Chaucer has shown us, in a well-known passage of ‘The Wife of Bath’s Tale,’ that such connexion belonged to the Folk-Lore of his times.

In olden days of the Kyng Arthour,
Of which that Britons speketh great honour,
Al was this land fulfilled of fayrie:
The elf-queen, with her jolle compaigne,
Daunced full oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old oppynynoun as I rede;
I speke of many hundrid yere ago;
But now can no man see noon elves mo.
For now the grete charite and prayres
Of lyntours and other holy freres,
That sechen every lond and every strem,
As thik an motte in the sonne-beem,
Blessyng halles, chambres, kichenes and boures,
Cites and burghes, castels hile and tourres,
Thropes and bernes, shepnes and dayries,
That maketh that ther ben no fayries.
For ther was wolt to walken an elf,
Ther walkith noon but the lyntour himself,
In undermeles and in morwenynges
And saith his matyns and his holy thinges.
As he goth in his lymytacion.
Wommen may now go saufly up and down,
In every busch, and under every tre,
Ther is non other incubus but he,
And he no wot doon hem no dishonour.†

And in ‘The Miller’s Tale,’ in which Chaucer has introduced an old charm against the nightmare, we have the identity between

Fairies and the tempters of the night
as clearly marked as it is in the prayer of Imogen. The carpenter is speaking to Nicholas, who is apparently in a trance, or under the influence of an evil spirit:—

This Nicholas sat stills as any stoon,
And ever he gayped up-ward to the eyr.
This carpenter wende he were in desperl,
And hent him by the schulders mightil,
And ahooked him hard, and cryed spitousl,
“What Nicholas? what how man, loke adoun:
Awake and thynk on Christes passion:
I crowe the from elves, and from wightes.”
Therwith the night-spel seyde he anon rightes
On the fourt halves of the houre aboute,
And on the threisfold of the dore withoute.
“Lord Jhesu Crist, and seynt Benedight,
Blesse this houre from every wikkede wight,
Fro nightes verray; the white Paternoster;
Wher wonatac now, seynt Petres soster.”

But the most striking proof of this identity is to be found in Drayton’s ‘Nymphidia,’—where, after a description of the palace of the fairy sovereigns, we read:—

Hence Oberon him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take
And none but only fairies wake),
Descendeth for his pleasure:
And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the Mare that hight),
Which plagues them beyond measure.

The propriety with which Shakspeare has invested Queen Mab with the attributes of the Night-mare is confirmed by an examination of the popular belief upon the subject as it now exists among the Continental nations. Among some of these, it is

† See Vol. I. pp. 138 and 139, of ‘The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer, a New Text, with Illustrative Notes, edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A.,’ for the Percy Society.

‡ Mr. Wright, from whose edition (vol. I. p. 139) we have made this quotation, observes, in a note, “*Verray* is the reading of the MSS. I have consulted. *Tyrwhitt* reads *were*, which is perhaps right.” I have little doubt that *Tyrwhitt* is right. He tells us (vol. iv. p. 197), “the charm is so rarely represented in all the MSS., that I have left it as I found it in the common editions.” Speght gives us the couplet—

“For the night’s mare the wife Paternoster
Wher wonnest thou saint Peter’s suster?”
and is followed by *Urry* almost to a letter.

designated the *Alp*,—thereby pointing most distinctly to its elfin nature. Thus, in Altmark, as we read in Kuhn's 'Markische Legenden,' the *Alp* is believed to seat itself on the body of a sleeping person, and so cause horrible dreams. The best way of relieving a person so tormented is to call him by his Christian name. The *Mahre*, who is said to resemble the *Alp* in her nature, is represented as assuming the form of a beautiful female spirit, who can be seized by closing all means of escape from the chamber; and who certainly cannot glide away if laid hold of by a person wearing gloves:—and tradition speaks of persons being married for years to such a spirit, or *Mahre*,—who has afterwards suddenly disappeared from them.

I do not propose to trespass upon the patience of the reader by producing one tithe of the legends connected with the Nightmare which are to be found in the legendary stores of Germany and Flanders, Denmark and Norway,—or in the dissertations by the many authors, lay and clerical, who have made witchcraft and demonology the subject of their speculations. But with the view of satisfying him how faithfully Shakspere has represented the Folk-Lore of his own time when he identified the nightmare with the Queen of the Fairies—which fairies or elves, it must be borne in mind, were sometimes most malignant in their nature and most inimical to man—I must call his attention to a German legend of the *Alp*, as it is preserved in the 'Deutsche Sagen' of the Brothers Grimm.

"It is vain to close both doors and windows carefully against the Alps: they can creep in at the smallest cranny, and have an especial delight in seeking out such. The noise which they make in the walls when so employed is often heard in the stillness of night. If, when they have entered the room, the hole by which they gained admittance is suddenly stopped up, they cannot away, although both doors and windows should be thrown open. Then is the time to extort from them a promise never more to disturb that place. On such occasions they have frequently been known to complain most grievously that they have left their children at home, who must perish if they are not set free.

The *Trud* or *Alp* often travels a great distance on these nocturnal trips. Once upon a time some shepherds who were tending their flocks in the middle of the night, in some pastures on the banks of a river, saw an *Alp* come thither, jump into a boat, cast it off from the shore, and ferry himself across by means of a staff which he brought with him. He then moored the boat on the other side, and went on his way. After a time, he returned and ferried himself over as before. The shepherds, after they had watched for several nights and seen the same thing repeated, took measures to remove the boat as soon as he had crossed the river. When the *Alp* returned he began to make great lamentations, and threatened the shepherds that they should never have any peace until they restored his boat;—which at last they were obliged to do.

A man once laid a hæckel or flax comb upon his stomach for the purpose of keeping off the *Alp*; but the *Alp* turned it round, and so drove the points of it into the man's flesh. A better preventive is, however, to turn the shoes before the bed, so that the heels are next to the bedstead. When a man is oppressed by the *Alp*, if he can only grasp his thumb in his hand, the *Alp* must vanish. At night the *Alp* often rides the horses, so that in the morning they are found quite tired out. But he can be kept away by horse-heads. Whoever before he goes to sleep does not move his stool to another place, will that night be ridden by the *Mahre*. They delight in giving people elf-locks (*wiechel-zopfe*) by sucking and entangling their hair. * * * If any person oppressed by the *Alp* says—

Trud komm Morgen Trud come to-morrow,
So will ich borgen So shalt thou borrow,

it immediately vanishes, and comes next morning in the form of man to borrow something. Or if anybody calls after the *Alp* "Come to-morrow and drink with me!" the person who sent the *Alp* is compelled to come.

According to Prætorius, the eyebrows of the *Alp*

⁵ Band, I. s. 130. Grimm quotes, as the authority for this description of the *Alp*, oral tradition, Prætorius' 'Weltbeschreibung' (I. 1-40, II. 160-162), and Brauner's 'Curiositäten,' 126-137.

meet together in a straight line; others say that people whose eyebrows meet together on the forehead have the power, by a mere exercise of the thoughts, to send the *Alp* to any one towards whom they feel hate or anger. The *Alp* then issues from their eyes, assumes the form of a small white butterfly, and settles upon the other party when sleeping."

It can scarcely be necessary to call the reader's attention to the points in the foregoing quotation which will serve to confirm the view which it is the object of the present paper to establish—namely, the identity of the Fairy Queen *Mab* and the Incubus *Ephialtes*, or Nightmare. We think the facts in the legend which Grimm has preserved, that the *Hag* bears the name of *Alp*—which is equivalent to *Eif*, and consequent to *Fairy*—and is, like the *Elfin Queen Mah*, represented as

Plaiting the manes of horses in the night,

and
Baking the elf-locks in foul stuttish hairs,—are quite sufficient to make our readers identify the two,—and, whether we point to *Alp* or *Mab*, exclaim with *Mercurio*,

This, this is she!

Of the name of *Mab*, and of the attributes with which Shakspere, echoing the popular voice, has invested her, we shall speak hereafter.

GEOGRAPHY OF SOUTHERN ABYSSINIA.

Oct. 18.

In confirmation of M. d'Abbadie's views of the geography of Southern Abyssinia, as contained in your last number, allow me to call your attention to a passage in the second volume, p. 118, of my Travels in that country,—which gives a similar course and name to a river described to me as being a large branch of the Abyssinian Nile:—

"After flowing some distance to the south and east, the *Gibbee* was represented to me as taking a course similar to that of the *Abi* around *Gojero*, nearly encircling the kingdom of *Zingero*, which is separated from *Gurague* by this very stream,—then a large river, and still flowing to the south. After passing westward between *Zingero* and *Kuffah*, the *Gibbee* then takes the name of *Ankor*; from the principal province of *Zingero*, which borders upon it and in which the king resides. It then bends towards the north and west; passing to the south of *Enarea*—where it is called *Durr*: and receives a large river, the *Omo*, coming from *Kuffah*. From several reasons, I believe the *Omo* to be the main branch; and the *Durr* merely another name for it. However, as some large stream does join the *Gibbee* from the south, I have so designated in my map one which I have laid down as coming from that direction. After the *Gibbee* has passed *Enarea*, it flows to the west of *Limmo*; where it is best known as the *Abiah*—the common Galla name of the large river which in that situation breaks from the table-land, and then proceeds towards the north, some distance through the country of the *Shankalli* before it receives, in the neighbourhood of *Fazuglo*, the waters of the *Abi*, which drains northern Abyssinia."

After waiting three years in silence for some enterprising traveller to visit and report upon these countries, I have at length the satisfaction of finding my information fully corroborated by M. d'Abbadie,—and Dr. Beke also converted to an opinion upon the subject which he once stoutly maintained to be untenable and erroneous. It will perhaps be remembered by the members of the Royal Geographical Society that at the time when I wrote the above extract (1844), Dr. Beke contended that all the rivers of Abyssinia south of the *Abi*, or *Bruce's Nile*, except a small tributary the *Didesa*, flowed towards the south and to the Indian Ocean.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

DISCOVERERS AND DISCOVERIES.

Aristotle once sent his servant to the cellar to fetch wine;—and the fellow brought him back small beer. The *Stagirite* (who knew the difference) called him a blockhead. "Sir," said the man, "all I can say is, that I found it in the cellar." The philosopher muttered to himself that an affirmative conclusion could not be proved in the second figure, —and Mrs. Aristotle, who was by, was not less effective in her remark that small beer was not wine because it was in the same cellar. Both were right enough: and our philosophers might take a lesson

from either—for they insinuate an affirmative conclusion in the second figure. Great discoverers have been little valued by established schools,—and they are little valued. The results of true science are strange at first,—and so are theirs. Many great men have opposed existing notions,—and so do they. All great men were obscure at first,—and they are obscure. Thinking men doubt,—and they doubt. Their small beer, I grant, has come out of the same cellar as the wine; but this is not enough. If they had let it stand awhile in the old wine-casks, it might have imbibed a little of the flavour.

As I have said before, I do not argue with them:—I address your readers. I will examine the warning from history which they are fond of urging. It resolves itself into two parts:—First, that men of little or no learning have been, and may be, of service in that species of discovery which involves trains of thought, and is called speculative: secondly, that new truths have been neglected. I do not say that all take both the grounds, or that all express either in form. But every one who knows their writings and conversations sees that they rely strongly upon these premises, and make of the first an excuse for venturing to find new truths before they have studied the old.

There is a broad line of distinction between invention in the mechanical arts and discovery in the speculative sciences. In the former, it has often happened that persons of very little knowledge have hit upon improvements, and most valuable ones. It has often happened, also, that want of education has prevented them from having the power to introduce, defend, and illustrate their inventions. But the inventor and discoverer must not be confounded. I look through the list of those who have made additions of celebrity to our knowledge of mind or matter, founded upon continuous thought, and I do not find one who was not well read in what had previously been done. From Hipparchus (who, as it happens, was not only the reader of his predecessor, but the commentator of one of them) downwards, every great discoverer has shown his familiarity with those who went before,—not merely with their names, nor with compendiums or compilations, but with their writings. Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, were all men learned in the history of the subjects in which they found the materials of their fame. Any one who would imitate them must read mathematics before he attempts deduction;—a sneer at algebra will never supply the place of algebra itself. He must become familiar with observation before he can hope to compass a sound induction,—reading about what others have observed will not do. Everything is learnt in its own field,—though by thought, sight by sight, comparison by comparing, experiment by experiment, dexterity by practice. One may help another; but no one can supply the place of the other.

Next, with respect to the imputed neglect of great discoveries because they are new and opposed to existing systems. It is true that an alleged improvement has a severe ordeal to undergo:—let us hope it may never be otherwise! But it is not true that any one of the great advances to which they appeal has met with the sort of neglect which they meet with and complain of. I put aside persecution for heresy;—which is a totally distinct thing, and as to which our philosophers do not claim a parallel case. I admit also that the scientific historians use such words as *neglect* somewhat loosely,—in the sense of non-adoption.

I will now put before the reader a short sketch of the case which is most appealed to—that of the *Copernican system*. He may then judge how far it agrees with the notion which he has been led to form. But, first, to show how necessary it is to receive historical accounts with caution, he must be told the following:—For much more than a century it has passed from book to book, that when the want of phases in the planet Venus was made an objection against the system, Copernicus answered that some day these phases would be discovered. Now, if any one of the writers who repeated this story had read Copernicus, they would have seen that, in order to explain the want of the only phase to which he alludes—the transit over the sun's disc—he surmises that the planet either shines by its own light or is saturated by the sun's rays.

The system part of this opinion that and that the It incorporate by epicycle some suspicion solid crystal of the old a mathematical not believe in advance not as an al but it is true or the apparent this was done the various himself, I am one part of real halting chancier of better—the supposing to This system. The nice (who, Rome as a canon Schomberg. It applied perm Up to the Galileo, it thing to do The talents term; and was, The celeb a presump system was and the o Copernicus answer—

What, some of them They were contradic pemicum common appealed tures as neither C the compa in effi hypotheses motions

phere of which have ad limits, and parent ev had been experim motion would have taken its place is more geni of The pol stirs up the ques system, been at views in which the theo one, is as even when

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The system of Copernicus involves not only that true part of it which has stood the ordeal, but the opinions that the sun is a *fixed* centre of the universe and that the stars are essential parts of our system. It incorporates the Ptolemaic mode of explanation by epicycle upon epicycle, as wanted;—and there is some suspicion of Copernicus having in his mind the solid crystal orbs which were the machinery of many of the old astronomers. Copernicus was a splendid mathematician; but in mechanical philosophy I do not believe there is a single point in which he was in advance of his age. His system is put forward not as an absolute truth, but as an hypothesis which, be it true or false, gives an easy mode of representing the apparent planetary motions. It is supposed that this was done to avoid giving offence. After weighing the various phrases in which Copernicus expresses himself, I am strongly inclined to believe that this is one part of the explanation, and that the other is a real halting between two opinions. Nor does this hesitation do him any dishonour; for, in the mechanics of the day—and Copernicus had nothing better—there were serious difficulties in the way of supposing that the earth could possibly move.

This system came out under special encouragement. The publication was extorted from Copernicus (who, though he had made some reputation at Rome as a young man, had long lived a retired life as a canon at Frauenburg on the Vistula) by Cardinal Schomberg and the astronomers Rheticus and Reinhold. It appeared in 1543, with a dedication (by implied permission, it would seem) to the reigning Pope. Up to the end of the century, and until the time of Galileo, it was a known and studied hypothesis,—thing to discuss and argue upon. A second edition of the book appeared in 1566, and a third in 1617. The talent of the author was admitted in strong terms; and the beauty of the system, as an explanation, was never anything but a subject of high praise. The celebrity of one outrageous criticism is in itself a presumption of this. Ask any one who has read for a proof of the contempt with which the new system was regarded at or near its first appearance; and the odds are he quotes Maurolico, who describes Copernicus as more worthy of a flogging than an answer.—*Scutis potius, aut flagello, quam reprehensione dignus.*

What, then, were the reasons of the neglect, in the sense of non-adoption, which the system experienced? They were, first, that the mechanics of the system contradicted all that was believed,—and neither Copernicus nor any other attempted to show that the common belief was wrong; secondly, that all parties appealed to the literal interpretation of the Scriptures as evidence in matters of astronomy,—and neither Copernicus nor any other attempted to deny the competency of the witness. We are very apt to say, in effect, that because Copernicus presented an hypothesis which explained *some* of the planetary motions more simply than the old one, the philosopher of his day ought, upon no further showing, to have admitted that theology had outstepped her limits, and true mechanics would contradict the apparent evidence of the senses. If, indeed, Copernicus had been Galileo—if, in 1543, he had advanced those experimental truths which show that the earth's motion does not contradict the senses—the case would have been altered. As soon as this was done there was no more neglect of *any* kind; hard fighting took its place on one side and the other, and nothing is more remarkable than the tributes which the genius of Copernicus received from his opponents.

The political interference, the arrival of the inquisitors upon the field of battle, has nothing to do with the question how philosophers treated a novelty of system. So far from contemptuous neglect having been at any time exhibited, the fame which Copernicus gained for his ingenuity throughout the period in which no efficient answer was presented even to the theological difficulty, much less to the mechanical one, is a striking proof of the manner in which then, as now, talent supported by learning attracted notice even when it could not force conviction.

I have said that this respect for knowledge and talent existed then, *as now*; and I repeat it. The combination works its way into notice. Nay, let a man gain a sound name in one branch of inquiry, and he shall obtain a hearing when he steps out of his line. The history of the 'Vestiges of Cre-

ation' is an example of the manner in which a theory, however new and startling, gains note and produces discussion as soon as even an anonymous author shows that he knows more than the names of others. But gravitation in the writings of those who have not qualified themselves to deduce from first principles the process by which a lunar place is found—or the theory of tides from the pen of those who are ignorant of what is known about the mechanics of fluids—or system of cosmogony from a person who has only read popular accounts of existing knowledge—will not obtain attention from those who have studied the progress of real discovery.

I was not wholly in joke when, in my last letter but one, I proposed the foundation of the M.F.S. The followers of the studying system combine,—and many of them spend part of their leisure in promoting the objects of the scientific societies to which they belong. There are a great many persons who are possessed, each on one point, with the idea that they have detected error in the results and methods of the philosophers; and who declare themselves convinced that a most pernicious adherence to authority, as authority, prevails in the physics of the day. They claim to be the scientific *freethinkers*; and they treat the followers of established opinion as dupes, and (sometimes) the leaders of it as knaves. Why do they not unite? Is it that freethinker A cannot tolerate freethinker B? For myself, I should hail with great satisfaction the announcement on the part of A, B, and all the rest, that they were determined to combine against authority, and to publish their own transactions. If each body of dissenters had declared that its own was the only true dissent, and had refused to work with the rest, the Test Act would never have been repealed. But they banded themselves together, though some of them held doctrines which the rest abhorred; and the endurance of their union is a proof that a common truth, which is a truth, will enable heterogeneous elements to act with successful concert.

Now, the scientific freethinkers complain of a kind of philosophical Test Act:—why do they not dare to unite to get it repealed? They have an advantage which the dissenters had not. The opponents of the latter could admit the existence of the prohibition, and, on certain grounds, defend it. But this the philosophers cannot do: they are covered with shame the instant the mere existence of the test is proved,—unless, contrary to the declaration of the freethinkers, it is found only to distinguish knowledge from ignorance, modesty from presumption, sane thought from self-delusion. Why, then, should our philosophers be the only set of men who, with a common cause, dare not seek power in union? Because no one among them believes that any except himself has the true secret of successful investigation without proper study. Because each one of them joins himself to the current philosophy, as against all the rest. Is it not so? Then let them disprove it by falsifying my prediction that no half-dozen of them, each having his own theory, will ever dare to put the six theories before the world, with their reasons, between the boards of one cover. The existing Societies do this; and send forth different opinions upon the same subject, all in the same book.

Some of the discoverers are sore at the manner in which they have been noticed. They are offended if in any account which may be given of them their pretensions are not treated as worthy of serious discussion. But no man who knows the processes by which our knowledge of the material universe has arrived at its present state, could with a good conscience act such a part before readers who have not that knowledge as to give them the serious opposition which they ask for. If they will learn, they will know why. To have positive knowledge, independent of authority—why, for instance, one who is not a profound mathematician cannot master the problem of the perturbations of a planet—a person must be a profound mathematician.

D.

THE COPPER MINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

An Adelaide Correspondent sends us the following amusing particulars relating to this sudden issue of Colonial wealth, and the scramble that ensued for its possession.

The discovery of these mines took place at a time when the great majority of the settlers, overwhelmed in ruin, were seeking relief in the Insolvent

Debtors Court; and some were filing their schedules who shortly afterwards found immense treasures under land previously unsaleable at any price. One gentleman in very distressed circumstances cleared 9,000*l.* for a section of 88 acres; which, having discovered the secret of a mine, he purchased with great trouble at the upset price of 1*l.* an acre. The celebrated Burra-Burra mine—one of the richest copper mines in the world—very nearly passed out of the hands of the South Australian settlers into those of Sydney speculators in consequence of the scarcity of specie in the colony at the time of its discovery. The persons who discovered it applied for a special survey under the colonial rule which permits any parties to take 20,000 acres at 1*l.* an acre without competition. The governor required the purchase money to be paid down in cash on the expiration of a month from the day on which the special survey was granted. When the day arrived for completing the purchase, private squabbles and the scarcity of cash had left the purchasers far short of the required sum. The imminent danger brought about a general union of all the Adelaide folks, high and low. Every man produced his gold and silver, and threw it into one common fund. Labourers put down their savings, and old women and thrifty young wives brought out sovereigns from old stockings, tea bags, and all sorts of odd corners. Those who did not choose to take shares in the mines got ample value for their money in cattle, land, dry goods—anything which the impetuous gentlemen who rushed about with cash-boxes in their hands, like canvassers in a contested election, had to offer. Sovereigns were worth 40*s.* that day. The 20,000*l.* was lodged in the Treasury half an hour before the hour struck which would have forfeited the claims of the discoverers. Original 5*l.* shares rose to 112*l.* and now sell for 72*l.* for cash.

The mine is one of the wonders of the world. Two miles of galleries have already been constructed; and the ores are so heavy that the mines are quarrying rather than mining. The ore is conveyed down to Adelaide in bullock drays. Although the whole distance is a level, hundreds of bullocks die on the road—which is strewn with their bones. The cost of carriage is 4*l.* 10*s.* per ton; but no doubt a tram road will soon be made—which would reduce this item materially. This discovery has given a wonderful impetus to the colony. Unfortunately, it has turned all men into mine gamblers. There is no talk now of sheep or of stock: geology is the one pursuit—and the hammer and pick are the universal tools of gentle and simple."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We can state on good authority that at last the site of the Repository for the National Records is settled—and that the new office will be located on the Rolls estate. But it remains to be seen whether the Government will give the requisite notices forthwith preparatory to the introduction of a Bill next session. An Act of the Legislature is necessary in order to clear away certain buildings and afford the required space. It is really to be hoped there will be no further delay; and that we may be able to report in the first week in November that due notice is affixed to the church door of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street. It will be an appropriate consummation of two centuries *talk* on the subject: for on the 2nd of November 1647 the idea of a general Record Office was first announced. The new building, according to the ground plans prepared by Mr. Pennethorne, will cover considerable space; presenting a north frontage of more than 500 feet, which will be nearly in a line with, and eastward of, Carey Street,—and an eastern frontage which will cross the present Fetter Lane, and abut on Fleet Street. Even the eastern façade will be nearly 500 feet long. It has been estimated by the Record authorities that accommodation will be required for 3,000,000 cubic feet of space; and that this enormous amount will provide for the increase of Records for a century yet to come. At present, beyond the general requirements as shown by a ground plan, no plans, we believe, have been prepared of the elevation of the proposed structure; but we see a hint given that it should be of brick. Considering that the site is in the heart of London smoke, and that a good deep-toned brick is less changed in colour by smoke than any stone, a brick

history of Art from its decline in the fourth century to its restoration in the sixteenth. It is a reprint of the plates of the Italian edition of Agincourt, with a translation into English condensed from the original text.

MM. Treuttel & Würtz, the publishers of the original edition (Paris, 1823), spared no pains in rendering it worthy of the importance of the subject and the reputation of the author. They obtained the services of M. Dufourny, member of the Académie des Beaux Arts, in the literary part—as well as the co-operation of M. Emeric David, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and M. L. Teuiller, Librarian to the Institute, in the long and arduous task of the revision of the text, the verification of the quotations, and the classification and description of the plates. The work was not completed till nine years after the death of the author;—of whom a short biographical account is prefixed to the first of the six ponderous volumes of which that edition consists.

The plates—in number 324—are contained in three volumes; and form, together with the description of them, the great mass and essential part of the work. They furnish 3335 examples, taken from authentic specimens, illustrative of the various phases through which the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture passed in that important period of their history contained between the third and fifteenth centuries of our era. Among these examples are inserted a few specimens in each of the three arts, adopted from the best examples of antiquity; leaving, as it appears to us, between the time of those monuments and the fourth century a space to be more completely illustrated,—and suggestive of the possibility of carrying on the investigation beyond the classic period of those monuments to the very earliest times for which we conceive modern discovery could now furnish materials. This should at least be attempted in any future edition of Agincourt; and we hope the English editor may soon be induced to take our suggestion into consideration.

As a work of reference—as it essentially is—the ponderosity of the original edition was a serious inconvenience; and in the Italian and German editions this defect has been considerably modified by the text and description of the plates occupying less bulky volumes than in the former. Still, however, there was the necessity of having two books open at the same time; and thus, our English edition of Agincourt is superior to all its predecessors. The whole has been condensed into less than half the bulk of the original work, without reducing the size or number of the plates or depriving us of any essential point of information to be found in the foreign editions. This improvement has been effected by a *coup de main*, or sort of editorial generalship, so ingenious and novel that we shall enter somewhat into a detailed description, in the hope that the publishers of similar works may profit by so excellent an example.

We begin *ab initio*—from the very pulp; for it would appear that this material of the paper on which the plates are printed had been submitted to some process by which the paper has been rendered opaque without increasing its thickness, at the same time that it has imparted an agreeable tinge of cream colour, particularly favourable to the style of the engravings. By this contrivance, every leaf bears an impression on each face, without one interfering with the other; by which device alone the 328 plates (four more than in the original edition) occupy but 164 leaves—that is to say, only two more than half the number contained in the former volumes of the plates alone. Added to this improvement is another which is a convenience in a book of reference. It is that, with a few exceptions, the description of the plate is always found on the page opposite the plate itself;—so that, instead of having to consult another volume, as in the preceding editions, or to refer to another page, the reader has print and description before him at once. This has been effected by the insertion of a single sheet of letter-press between each sheet of illustration, and also by the occasional use of a different type to accommodate the greater or less quantity of matter. Lastly, a further reduction has been effected by the omission of the biographical notice of the author, and by a judicious condensation of the Historical Treatise and Introduction,—which, excepting for a few idiomatic peculiarities that savour of the French original, has been well executed,

The first volume contains the Historical Treatise, with the Introduction to the subject, and the seventy-three plates of architectural examples—occupying only thirty-seven leaves. The plates exhibit, by a great number of illustrations taken from both civil and religious monuments, the transitions of that art from one style to another through the eventful period contained between the fourth and sixteenth centuries. There are also specimens, by way of comparison rather than regular succession, from more ancient times. The second volume contains fifty-one plates of specimens of the sculptor's art; beginning with the Apollo Belvidere, and finishing with a medal of Leo the Tenth. It offers a variety of examples exhibiting the decline of that art from the excellence of the first sample to its lowest grade in the fourth and fifth centuries—yet with less precision than its gradual rise to the period of the last sample; and this, perhaps, because in Europe, at the time of Agincourt, there were wanting materials for a more complete illustration of the earlier period. The third, and last, volume exhibits the phases of the art of painting through the same period. It begins with some examples taken from Greek vases, and a few of the more legitimate specimens of the art as found on the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum. This volume is larger than the sum of the other two;—containing 204 plates. It includes samples extracted from ancient illuminated manuscripts, and a large number from pictures of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—that most interesting period of the art in Italy—down to the golden age of Leo the Tenth.

The importance of this work, as the most complete history of the decline and restoration of the arts from the fourth to the sixteenth century, is sufficiently established by the fact of its having passed through several editions, both in Italy and Germany:—and its re-appearance amongst ourselves in this its English and in every way more commodious garb will be welcomed by the artist and archaeologist. It will greatly conduce to place the uninitiated of our countrymen on a par with our Continental neighbours in the subject which it so abundantly illustrates.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

THE dissensions in the School of Design are still unsettled. The Board of Trade, with a Cabinet Minister for its President, has had too much to do with the general stagnation in manufactures and in money to attend to the petty disputes of the masters, the duties of the Director, and the real necessities of the School. In this general neglect the new five-shilling piece, in every way a superior work of Art to anything of the kind since Simon's time, has been suffered to remain the mere curiosity of a collector's cabinet; while a plentiful stock of clumsy ill-designed five-shilling pieces (cart-wheels, as they are called) are still in circulation. It is true that the ruder coin answers all the purposes for which it was intended; but on this principle a wooden trencher or a willow-pattern plate is just as good for venison or roast beef as the best piece of porcelain or Worcester ware which the ingenuity of Messrs. Copeland & Garrett, or the skill of the School of Design, can produce even for the same money.

But though the Board of Trade is otherwise employed, we trust the interval has not been without its use in inducing the Director to assume less of a tea-party communion with the Masters who are under him, and the Masters to understand that the school was started "for the teaching of design with a view to the improvement of those branches of manufacture which are susceptible of ornament":—in other words, not to rear up artists to paint Transfigurations, Peter Martyrs, and St. Jerome's, but for the improvement of Candlesticks and Racing Cups—Door-handles and Door-knockers—Fenders and Fire-irons—Jewel-cases and Communion Plate—Table Bells and Chess-men—Tea-pots and Sugar-basins—Book-covers and Decanter-stoppers—Letter-weights and Inkstands—Silks and Lace—Carpets and Shawls; to unite manufacturing skill with artistic skill—to connect the best Art with familiar objects of daily use—and to accomplish better works of Art in gold, silver, bronze, iron, porcelain, parian, wood, papier-mâché, china, glass, leather, woollen, linen, cotton, silk, lace, wall-paper, and other materials of manufacturing use, whether in Sheffield or Britannia metal, or some new and unknown mixture: "part iron

and part clay," or part *gutta percha*:—that in this way the skill of the whole School, in its three classes of Form, Colour, and Ornament, may be directed solely and entirely to alter and improve our Paisley shawls, our Coventry ribbons, our Spitalfields silks, our Nottingham and Honiton laces, our Manchester prints, our Axminster and Kidderminster carpets, our Worcestershire and Sheffield wares, our Dunstable bonnets, our Belfast linen, our Chelsea china, even our Windsor chairs and our Birmingham buttons. We wish to see the produce of the School—not in frescoes in Westminster Hall or oil pictures at the Royal Academy or British Institution, but in the shop-windows of every great city and town in the empire. "Our object," said Lord Morpeth, at the last meeting of the Sheffield School of Design, "is to make skilful designers, and not to turn out so many ready-made Raphaels and Correggios":—and he added that "every one who wishes well to the trade of Sheffield must likewise do his best to promote and extend the operations of the School of Design."

We are reminded by the advertisement of Mr. Felix Summerly's 'Art Manufactures,' that Francesco Francia was a goldsmith as well as a painter,—that designs for crockery are attributed to Raphael,—that Leonardo da Vinci invented necklaces,—and that Holbein designed brooches; but the advertisement omits to tell us that Flaxman designed tea-pots and coffee-pots, cream-jugs and sugar-basins, for Messrs. Rundell & Bridge,—and that Baily's 'Eve' was originally designed for the cover of a soup tureen. Nor should the School of Design forget that Hogarth was apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver, Raeburn to a goldsmith, Chantrey to a carver and gilder, and that Stothard was apprenticed in Spitalfields to learn to draw patterns. Great minds rise above the accidents of birth. Gainsborough was the son of a clothier.—Barry of a seafaring person (a captain, it is said, trading between Cork and England)—Romney of a carpenter—Bacon of a cloth-worker—Lawrence of an innkeeper—Flaxman of a dealer in plaster casts—Blake of a hosier; whilst Bird ornamented tea-trays, and Jackson began life as a country tailor. But the School of Design, we repeat, was not established as a hot-bed to the Royal Academy; nor should it now be metamorphosed into such. Students of real talent for the higher walks of Art will cease to work uninterruptedly for Spitalfields or Manchester, for Storr & Mortimer, or Jennens & Bettbridge,—just as Stothard rose from patterns for silk to designs for 'Robinson Crusoe' and Rogers's 'Italy'—Chantrey from carving and gilding to modelling the bust of Scott, the statue of Watt, and the monument of the 'Two Children' at Lichfield— and Flaxman from multiplying casts, like Sarti or an Italian boy, to glorious designs for the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.'

When the School is newly modelled, we would urge the enlargement of the number of examples and the formation of an extensive library of books of prints. Pupils learn more from casts and prints, and the things themselves, than from all the lectures that are likely to be delivered. Lectures were of use before the general dissemination of books lessened their importance. An inattentive listener who loses the thread of the discourse never recovers it; while the reader who nods over a book may return, if he chooses, to the place where he first nodded. Nor are lectures of average excellence such everyday productions as committees and sub-committees seem willing to consider. Look at the lectures of the several Professors of Painting at the Academy—Barry, Opie, Fuseli, Phillips, and Howard—how little there is in them! Flaxman, it is true, deserves to be heard upon the subject of sculpture,—and the 'Discourses' of Reynolds are equally excellent with his pictures. How, then, in an economical school, as the School of Design must necessarily be, are we to look for lectures of importance? The Council cannot afford a sufficient bribe to artists to dedicate their time to the composition of a lecture; and if a long apprenticeship to design is necessary for the formation of objects of every-day use, surely an artist (unused to composition) cannot expect to leap forth a lecturer because the Council consider lectures of greater consequence than they really are.

In the new arrangements, the School at Somerset House should be made the head school to which students are introduced who have done and can do

[Oct. 23]

something. You may obtain good masters to teach good scholars; but few artists (artists in the proper sense of the word) will stoop to the drudgery of teaching the eyes and noses of the Art to boys newly breeched whom parental partiality or caprice has sent to the School to be made something or nothing of. The career of the students at Somerset House should be pretty clearly ascertained before they are admitted; and then it would be desirable that each should name the particular branch of Art for which he is desirous of making his designs, that the Director may afford him every facility for studying the best examples in that line, witnessing with his own eyes the manufacturing processes in use, and ascertaining the expenses (point of importance) of the several processes. Every manufacturer throughout the three kingdoms would afford to a student introduced by the Director all requisite means of inspection. It is the manufacturer's interest to improve and perfect his designs,—that his own market may be wider and the market of his competitors still narrower than it is. Were this done, we should cease to hear of artists designing for manufacturers when ignorant of the processes employed,—and of the additional expenses which "undercuttings," as they are called, invariably entail.

MURAL CHURCH PAINTINGS.

Catherington Vicarage, Horndean, Oct. 20.

Your correspondent who has adverted [*ante*, p. 1084] to the mural paintings recently discovered in the parish church of Catherington, appears to be desirous of my further information on the subject. As I have never met with any records relative to its early history, I can only offer such remarks as are suggested to me by inspection of the paintings.

Those which we can distinguish are evidently very beautiful in their design, and quite in accordance with the early Norman style of decoration. Immediately over the window in the Hyde chancel, is the representation of the sun with expanded wings on each side; directly underneath which is seen a ship at anchor,—precisely resembling in its construction that of the ancient Britons. On the right side of this window appears a full-length figure, having a glory-piece around the head surmounted by a cross. It is thought that the outlines are sufficiently strong to discover a lamb in the right arm; which the left seems to me to be in the act of feeding. This painting shows traces of having originally been highly embellished. I was not so successful in ascertaining the designs of another window,—which, being too imperfect to delineate satisfactorily, was covered up. I need scarcely observe how beautifully these paintings illustrate certain passages of Scripture, which will at once occur at least to your clerical readers.

Catherington church is truly a venerable fabric,—and boasts the possession of as rich Norman arches as any in the kingdom. I hope the particulars which I have stated may serve as an inducement to some of your readers to honour me with a visit,—and favour me with their own opinions on these curious relics of antiquity.

I am, &c.,

C. R. BUTLER.

FINE ART Gossip.—We have had our attention called by several correspondents to the well-known monopoly of the Provost and Company of Moneyers at the Mint; a greybeard company carrying its institution as far back as the Henrys and Edwards—but, like many other things that are old, somewhat unsuited for the wants of the present day. The chief person at the Mint is called "The Master;" who enters into an indenture with the Crown to make the money according to certain weights and finenesses therein described. He has, of course, many officers under him: a deputy master—an assay master—a weigher and teller—a melter—and a chief engraver. When the engraver has made his matrix for the coin, the master directs a working die to be struck; and from this a puncheon is made—the fertile father, if wanted, of a multiplicity of dies. A contract is then entered into with the moneyers, meltors, and refiners,—who contract to make the money for so much per pound weight. All this seems a simple, suitable arrangement; but then, we must bear in mind that the moneyers, who have a prescriptive right to coin money under the superintendence of the Master, are paid a per-cent on the amount coined,—and if the coinage in any one

year does not amount to 500,000*l.* each member of the Company is entitled to receive 40*l.* But this is not the whole of the advantage possessed by the Company of Moneyers—the Provost and Senior Moneyers have houses in the Mint, and have the right to perpetuate their Company by taking apprentices at 1,000*l.* a-piece premium. "A nice thing to be a moneyer," as our correspondent remarks—but see the evil of the system: the moneyers, who grow rich by their per-cent, will work coin only in the cheapest way. They cannot strike too many sovereigns in a minute—for in this way their money-presses are less worked, and they have less to pay to the workmen employed. Mr. Wyon's new five-shilling piece—which has led to these remarks, is not, it appears, to come into circulation at all. Like a matrix, or a medal, or a pattern piece, it is to remain a curiosity—because it requires a little more time in working, and the profit of the moneyers would thus be reduced to only a fair per-cent. It appears to us that the sooner the company is abolished the better. It deserves to share the fate of all those Patent and Exclusive Rights for supplying paper and print which the active exertions of Mr. McCulloch have recently removed. Let the Master of the Mint be empowered to work his own coin with his own moneyers; and Mr. Wyon's new five-shilling-piece—a work of Art—may then be struck at as cheap a rate as the old five-shilling-pieces—which are not works of Art—are now struck by the present monopoly of moneyers. Mr. Shiel (the present master) should look to this. He may distinguish his mastership by abolishing a system reverend with rust—and that is all.

We are informed that there is an error in the statement which has been so often made—and never before, so far as we know, contradicted—that on the arrangement for Mr. Howard's retirement from the active secretaryship of the Royal Academy, his duties were assumed *gratuitously* by Mr. Knight. If we may believe our informant, the Academy has since paid two salaries in respect of the same functions—Mr. Howard being paid for what he did not, and Mr. Knight for doing it. According to this correction, Mr. Knight's appointment would seem to have had nothing provisional in it—save that the nominal secretaryship was allowed to remain with Mr. Howard. With all other functions of the office Mr. Knight was then and there clothed. We do not undertake to give this amended version with any voucher of our own—further than that we will say our informant is one who should be a good authority on the subject.

The daily papers announce the death, on the 18th inst., of Mr. Joshua Cristall—one of the originators of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and for many years its president. His is a name that carries us back to the days of Girtin and the elder Barrett. Mr. Cristall had a fine conception of the beautiful in Art,—but his hand was somewhat unskillful in producing the fine embodiments which he formed. He was fond of Welsh scenery; and at one time had retired altogether to Wales,—that he might catch with greater force the exquisite realities of nature which he saw before him, while he peopled the scenes he loved so much with shepherds from Theocritus and Virgil. The combination was not very successful; though there was still much to admire in the execution of certain parts, and the love for the beautiful which suggested the combination. Mr. Cristall was in his eightieth year,—and will be long remembered by a large circle of friends for the gentle and simple earnestness of his manners.

A correspondent writes to us as follows:—"What is to be done with the Marble Arch? I have heard neither rumour nor conjecture concerning it: but I presume the intention is to re-erect it somewhere or other. I throw out as one suggestion for the purpose, that it might be removed to the extremity of the Park, and made the entrance into the inclosure immediately facing the Horse Guards. Here it would form an important architectural approach to the parade; and show admirably well as an object from the inclosed grounds—in which direction it would be seen with the sun upon its west front. Such a public entrance would be far more suitable to a park in a town than the present toy-like cottage lodge; which, so placed, is entirely out of character with the locality. I should even recommend some little addition to the

"Arch," in order to render it more important as an independent piece of architecture,—by continuing the stylobate for a short distance on each side, and placing votive memorial statues on it. These, in such a situation, would certainly not be thrown away; because they could be viewed infinitely more advantageously than anything of the kind that we now have.—This last remark leads me to another—that a prodigious quantity of decoration has been bestowed to little or no purpose on the river front of the Palace of Westminster; because so far from telling in any way—or so much as producing any corresponding effect of general richness—it is altogether lost in the building itself, and can show only in fully detailed elevations—should such ever be published. On the contrary, where liberal decoration not only would have been perfectly in character, but would have fully exhibited itself—I mean in the facade of the British Museum, which has a due south aspect—it is most strangely omitted. This is a proof, if any were needed, that no systematic management is observed with regard to our national public edifices. How they are managed, or who is responsible for their management, no one seems to know; which would not perhaps be the case were it not also that no one seems to care—notwithstanding that we now profess to interest ourselves so much in the advance of Art."

The picture, by Mr. Allom, commemorative of the presentation, at Windsor Castle, of an address from the Corporation of London to His Majesty the King of the French, is now finished,—and has been presented, through the Lord Mayor, to the City corporation. The picture has been placed in the Mansion House provisionally, until a committee shall decide on the scene of its permanent location.

Considerable anxiety is expressed in architectural circles about the fate of the late Mr. Cottingham's well-known collection of architectural casts and ornamental examples of the middle ages. Mr. Cottingham has left a son—an architect also—and who inherits it is said a considerable share of his father's talent: but the collection, it may so happen, may be ordered for sale by the will of the deceased or the pleasure of his representatives,—and in that case either the British Museum, or the School of Design should be made the repository by Government of so important a collection of well-made and well-selected examples. The difficulty of forming a collection equally valuable can only be imagined by those who collect and endeavour to complete a collection of any kind. Should the hammer be appointed to decide its fate, we shall take another opportunity of recommending its importance to the notice of Government.

A second statue by Gibson of the statesman Huskisson has been recently erected in Liverpool—the site being Canning Place. It is of bronze, and nine feet in height. It is spoken of as a very fine work.—While on the subject of Art in the provinces we may mention an announcement which we find in the Manchester papers,—and which we recommend to the notice of our similar metropolitan bodies. The Council of the Royal Institution in that town have advertised their intention of opening an evening Exhibition of the works of modern artists; the charge for admission to which is fixed, with a view to wider popular extension of the benefit, at the small sum of twopence.

In Venice, the Academy of Arts and Sciences has resolved to commemorate the assembling of the Italian and other Scienziati within its walls by the erection of a Pantheon in which will be placed the busts of all the eminent men of the Venetian province from the most remote period.

Among Fine Art Exhibitions in Paris, we may mention that the Museum of Antiquities from Nineveh was opened to the public, at the Louvre, on Sunday last:—and that a collection of sixty copies from Raphael's pictures by the MM. Balze,—with a few copies after Michael Angelo added—has been opened at the Pantheon under the direction of the Government.

"That the aesthetic movement in Paris," writes a correspondent, "has, perhaps, been as much underrated as that in Germany has been over-praised, is an idea which returns unbidden 'whene'er,' as Dr. Watts sings, 'I take my walks abroad.' Besides the yearly brightening of the grand architectural

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features building, nothing now, pro Europe, a minister Time was ferent on the p 'Auxerre and about Mey. In at these, of Munition new French design pression and a blac charge the pility to accuse the when "all belonging is one of comparat of small with the suited to insta Consolato questions restoration Paris.— was last pleader The rest all the n carvings, cut, the choir original to be un

WILLIAM CECIL ROBERTSON. Subscribers to the lady any S. Welbeck, Mr. Corrie, square.

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features of this capital, in the form of rich new street-building, the widening of thoroughfares, &c., (to say nothing of the completion of the *Hôtel de Ville*, now, probably, the grandest municipal building in Europe), there is much of what may be called minister decoration going on which deserves notice. Time was, for instance, when—were the place different—enthusiastic chapters would have been written on the paintings in the portal of *Saint Germain l'Auxerrois*, recently thrown open to the public,—and about the new chapels in the *Church of St. Méry*. I found myself the other day, while looking at these, recalling the best works of the young artists of Munich, with no impression of oppressive superiority on the part of the latter. The colouring of the new French frescoes is, perhaps, generally feebler; the design as good; the amount of spirituality of expression too nice a point to be decided by a word and a blow! The connoisseurs of one capital might charge the artists of the other with mistaking stupidity for quietism,—while, *vice versa*, these might accuse those of verging towards the theatrical even when at *prayers*! it being recollected by thinkers belonging to neither country that the whole school is one of tradition and reminiscence,—and that the comparative orthodoxy of *nimbo* set against *nimbo* is of small importance when brought into competition with the exhibition of one original lofty thought suited to the religion of the times we live in,—such, for instance, as some of us find in the *'Christus Consolator'* of Ary Scheffer. Leaving these delicate questions, every one must be glad to see the work of restoration so busily carried on as it is at present in Paris.—*Notre Dame* has been taken in hand, since I was last here, in a manner to content that energetic pleader for ancient architecture—M. Victor Hugo. The restoration of the facade, and the replacing of all the *rotten* stonework by fresh new masonry and carvings, seem conscientiously and thoroughly executed. Much is it to be desired that the interior of the choir should be brought back to something like its original form;—but I fear this is too arduous a task to be undertaken at present."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

WELPERT'S SOIREE DANSANTE, PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOMS, MONDAY, October 25, and every Monday. A subscription of 21. 2s. is entitled to an admission for himself and lady six Nights during the Season. Single Tickets, 7s. each. Welpert's Palace Band as usual, conducted by himself. M.C. Mr. Corrie. The Refreshments by Alfred Welpert, from Gunter's Commerce at Half-past Ten. Tickets and programmes at 21, Soho-square.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS FOR ONE MONTH ONLY—EVENING NIGHT OF THE SWISS QUADRILLE—A Solo by M. L'Anglois; A Solo by M. Collinet.—M. Julian has the honour to announce that in order to provide increased accommodation to his visitors, he has caused two additional apartments to be fitted up and added to the premises. The Programme for to-morrow, Monday, October 25, will include *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* in A. Solo on the Contra-Basso, M. L'Anglois; a Solo by M. Collinet; the National Swiss Song by Miss Dohly; a Grand Fantasia from *La Fille del Reggimento*, with Solos by Herr Kaspar, M. Lazarus, and M. Bauman; Beethoven's Fantasy in A. The New Rhine Polka; and, for the Seventh time, *Julien's New Swiss Quadrille*. The Concert commences at Eight o'clock. Prices of Admission as usual.

Music in Paris.

October.

WHEN I wrote from this capital a twelvemonth ago [A. No. 994], certain matters seemed to stand in a predicament as unpromising as the most severe of opera-haters could desire. Time, however, has put new slides into the magic lantern. New measures are in progress—new prospects opening, such as justify all whose notion is that, with the public of Paris and London at least, nothing essentially bad can for any long period be foisted on the world as something precious. Since the departure of M. Fillet as manager and of Madame Stoltz as *prima donna* from the *Académie Royale*, active means have been taken to restore that theatre to something like its old completeness. The house has been decorated anew—but I hope that the pictorial is not a type of the musical regeneration to be expected therein,—since, I apprehend, it now deserves the unavoidable distinction of being the most tasteless and ineffectual theatrical interior of its size in Europe. The ceiling is lurid with leaden clouds and distracted with ill-drawn figures—reminding one in truth of a *"guazzetto di rane"* (to apply more appropriately the churchwarden criticism upon Correggio's *Parma Cupola*), the fronts of the boxes are heavy with coarsely painted duets of cherubim among festoons of flowers

on a gold ground: the linings are of the same, a cold Quaker grey. Such are the points—no, rather the ponderosities—of the renewed *salle*: which—at least to my *"perfidious"* English eye—seems spoiled beyond cure for another seven years to come. If so ugly in its bloom of freshness, what will it look like when the wear and tear of dowagerism shall begin to show?

Everyone gifted with that most unacceptable of all possessions, a long memory, must smile on looking over the list of the *corps* already collected at the *Académie*, as he recollects how season after season Paris was deluded by complaints of “the impossibility of finding suitable artists”—of “insuperable difficulties,”—and the like ingenious subterfuges, by which for a time managers not only pacify easy-going souls, but absolutely win sympathy and support. There may be nothing, it is true, first-rate in the *troupe* as it stands—*Pastas* do not hang on every bough, nor is a fresh Duprez to be found more than once in ten years: but, as Miss Edgeworth says in one of her tales, “Goodwill is as good as *Aladdin's lamp*”—and the company is once more adequate to the careful and complete execution of grand operas. Two young ladies, Mlle. Dameron and Mlle. Mason, belong to the order of thoroughly trained singers which I find peculiar to the classes of the *Conservatoire* (how far superior in this to our own Academy!) The latter, too, is said to show power and promise as an actress in arduous tragic parts. Ere this is printed, Miss Birch may possibly have come to judgment: while Madame Van Gelder, engaged, it is said, at Signor Verdi's instance, is kept in reserve for Signor Verdi's opera. Besides these, there are Mlle. Nau, Madame Hebert-Massy, and other ladies, mentioned as forthcoming. M. Poultier, the tenor so much talked of some years since, is re-engaged. M. Alizard, too, has come back again. There is, in short, an appearance of liberality and competence, which the audience must feel doubly by contrast,—and, what is more to the purpose, which must administer encouragement to the composer.

The *Académie* also manifests a corresponding activity in the presentation of the old repertoire of operas, and the means taken to enlarge it. Not daunted by the long-drawn *“yea and nay”* of M. Meyerbeer,—who, naturally enough, may be waiting to see “how the wind blows” ere he commits himself by producing a third work,—not desirous of luring Rossini into producing another “noble pasticcio,”—and I suppose unable, to tempt Mendelssohn into venturing his never-to-be-forgotten *‘Tempest’* on the French stage—MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan appear to be doing all that is in their power. They have induced M. Halévy (whose position with regard to the public is changed by his uncontested success with *‘Les Mousquetaires’*) to reconsider and strengthen his *‘Charles VI.’*—they have commissioned him to provide them with one new five-act opera, and M. Auber to give them another. M. Grisar, too, is said to have received a commission to write one of those lighter two-act pieces given at the *Académie* on evenings when the *ballet* is to be the chief attraction.

Then, the management is about immediately to produce a transformation of *‘I Lombardi’*, sanctioned and really superintended by Signor Verdi himself. Of the best of these translations the best thing that can be said is that it is less good than an original work. But, since Signor Verdi is the composer in vogue just now,—and as, therefore, we held it wise in Mr. Lumley to give him a trial in London—so, also, may this measure on the part of the French management be recognized as warrantable, if not discreet. The result remains to be proved.—I was amused, by the way, remembering past “diplomatic notes” on the quarrel, published in the *Athenæum*, [ante, pp. 24, 51, &c.]—to read, a fortnight since, in the Milan journals, most sarcastic comments on the stupidity of our own and French audiences in not falling down and worshipping the idol of the hour: couched in all the worn-out phraseology about “new style,” want of artistic capacity and artistic faith, &c.—which may be as skilfully brought forward in defence of charlatany as in the encouragement of reverence.—Meanwhile, the *Théâtre Ventadour* is at present giving—neither *‘Ernani’*, nor *‘Nabucco’*, nor *‘I due Foscarini’*, nor *‘I Masnadieri’*, of doleful memory,—but *‘Don Giovanni’*! So that, as yet, the Parisians, like the Londoners, must not be accused of having reached that high civilization at which, “for the sake of company,”—as the homely

adage hath it—men “welcome trumpery.” We had a strong instance of this in the Concert for the Artists' Pension Fund given the other evening at the *Grand Opéra*; at which Mdlle. Alboni sang four times, with triumphant success. It was not merely her voice, her method, and her grand expression which were noticed by the connoisseurs. These had their full share:—but so had the duets from *‘Semiramide’*, and *‘Il Barbiere’*, and the *rondo* from *‘L'Italiana’*. The songstress was rapturously received (how rapturously I will not attempt to tell, lest I should seem to fall into the exaggerated strain of newspaper panegyric); but amid the cries and *bouquets* might ever and anon be heard the exclamation *“Quelle musique!”* If these were cries of affectation, it was affectation specking virtue and good taste,—and, therefore, of a certain favour and prettiness.

Matters are mending, too, at the *Opéra Comique*. Since I was last here, the *troupe* has been reinforced from the *Conservatoire*; two very meritorious ladies, Mdlle. Grimm and Mdlle. Lemercier having been added thereto,—and the general style of performance being once more even and careful. Every lover of what is graceful and elegant in these days of overwrought effect will be glad that M. Reber should be tried as an opera-writer. The management, too, I am told, is determined to have a success with the work in preparation by MM. Scribe and Auber:—which is to be produced with wondrous care and splendour. I do not see, however, how it will replace one artist about to leave the theatre—I mean M. Roger; and I wish that that admirable singer may find his resolution to transform himself into an Italian *tenore* succeed,—since, at all events, there is an honourable ambition in attempt. But he will never command any public more completely than the one he is about to bid farewell to.—With regard to the third musical theatre so long talked of, it is now promised to open shortly. Further than this, no one seems to know—I may add, to care—very much about it.

The papers, I perceive, are talking of new concert-rooms to be built in different parts of the city,—not before they are wanted, which would argue some movement in a branch of music curiously neglected by people so fond of boasting of their taste and science. The other evening I heard vespers sung in the grand old Church of *Saint Germain l'Auxerrois*, with a choir more firm, powerful and steady than any which was to be heard there ten years ago. Perhaps, therefore, I am warranted in fancying some progress to have been made in the general style of choral execution. But every year's visit to the Continent strengthens the complacent assurance that in most musical matters we have taken “a start,” such as, if improved, may make our city, not in right of money merely, but in right of artists and audiences, too, the first musical capital in Europe ere another ten years be passed over!

DRURY LANE.—*Promenade Concerts*.—To judge from the present aspect of Drury Lane Theatre, there might be no such things as a commercial panic—cholera on its way—the Sonderbund in Switzerland—the Austrians in Italy,—no words or thoughts of fear, in short, either at home or abroad, to restrict the desire for or the means of enjoyment. We never recollect the Promenade Concerts so crowded nor their audience so silent and attentive. This is only as it should be: since never before has M. Julian assembled so brilliant and powerful an orchestra—good earnest for his operas!—Then, ‘The Swiss Quadrille’ is full of ingenious and piquant effects, executed with the utmost precision,—framed by a prologue and epilogue each almost as long as a picturesque overture, and as skilfully contrived as many a composition which has recently laid claim to classical honours.

HAYMARKET.—Last Saturday, a farce in one act, by Mr. Morton, was produced, under the title of ‘Who's my Husband?’ A smuggler, Capt. Jones (Mr. Howe), immediately after his marriage under the assumed name of Mr. Smith Thompson, being obliged to fly from the Custom House officers, leaves his bride ignorant of “who's her husband.” She had, however, found letters addressed to him under various names. The circumstances were known, too, to a *Lieut. Tostiles*; but the latter gentleman died without betraying his friend's secret.—

[Oct. 23]

leaving to the lady by his will a small monthly pittance. This *Daniel Tootles* (Mr. Keeley), the testator's son, has to pay at the stated periods. On these occasions he is, of course, pestered by the solicitations of *Mrs. Thompson* to inform her "who's her husband"; and truly, but unsatisfactorily, denies all knowledge of the person or name. The young man, who is a doctor's assistant, is on the point of marriage to his master's daughter, *Sophonisha Mull* (Mrs. Buckingham); which lady becomes jealous of his frequent visits to the fair legatee,—and is strengthened in her suspicions by an insinuating laundress, *Sally Starch* (Mrs. Humby), who has been bribed by a rival of *Tootles* to hinder the match. Meanwhile, *Mrs. Thompson*, having determined on haunting *Tootles*, meets him just as he is proceeding to be married; and interrupts the party at the church door,—where she leads the bride and her father to suppose that the bridegroom is already a husband. Ultimately, *Capt. Jones*, having received a free pardon, appears and claims his wife. With the exception of Mr. Keeley's part, the farce might have been bettered. The movement of the piece was at first tediously "slow"; but as it progressed, the fun became "fast and furious"—and it was announced by Mr. Keeley for repetition with great applause.

On Wednesday, the new play entitled 'The Heart and the World,' by Mr. Westland Marston, was produced. This drama follows up the principle which may be said to have been asserted in the same author's tragedy of 'The Patrician's Daughter'—namely, that the heroic or poetic may be as readily discerned at the domestic hearth as on the battle-field or the billow. The costume of the present day is, on the present occasion, however, discarded for that of a more picturesque period—one hovering, we believe, between the reigns of Queen Anne and George the First. In many important points, this play is an improvement on its author's earlier performance. The scenes are more cunningly digested, the action is more carefully evolved, and the dialogue is more dramatically rendered. The heroine of the drama is one *Florence Delmar* (Miss H. Faust), a noble girl, who by the death of her father and the exigencies of a lawsuit has, with her mother, been reduced to poverty, and compelled to work for a milliner. In such service she had embroidered a ruff for the *Lady Laura Hallowell* (Miss Julia Bennett); by whom, for old acquaintance sake, she is especially patronized—and finally invited to the country seat of her brother. These circumstances are explained in the opening scene. In the next we are introduced to the mother and daughter and to a cousin *Walter*,—from whom we learn that *Florence* had, in her more prosperous days, been affianced to *Vivian Temple* (Mr. Creswick). The lover—on whom the gifts of fortune have suddenly fallen while the prospects of *Florence* have been darkening—has not as yet come forward in the season of the latter's adversity. *Florence*, nevertheless, believes in his fidelity, despite appearances; and ere long her faith is justified by the receipt of a letter explaining the occasion of his seeming neglect. The lovers are, accordingly, secretly affianced.—But true as is *Temple's* love, its stability has to encounter peril. *Sir George Hallowell* (Mr. Brindal), his friend, having ruined himself, determines to repair his fortunes at *Vivian's* cost by promoting the marriage of the latter with *Laura*, his sister. The lady's power of captivation is great—and on this the wily baronet depends. The second act shows all the parties at *Sir George's* country seat. *Temple* and *Florence* have an interview, which is broken in upon by their titled guests; and *Laura* there exerts her fascinations upon *Temple* with decided effect. *Thornton* (Mr. Howe), an acquaintance of *Temple's*, attracted meanwhile by the charms of *Florence*, is mortified by the repulse which he experiences. One *Osborne* (Mr. Wigan) sympathizes with *Thornton's* disappointment; and they together take revenge by taunting *Temple* with his love for a sempstress—*Sir George*, of course, enforcing their view. The act concludes with a sustained scene; in which, after some very poetical discoursing between *Laura* and *Florence*, the former again tries the influence of her charms on *Temple*. The theme of the discourse is very elegantly conceived. *Laura* having been sculptured as *Dido*, the conversation takes place in the presence of the statue. Just as it is attaining to a climax, *Florence* enters; and by familiarly addressing

Vivian throws him into such confusion and perplexity as to suggest doubts in *Florence's* mind as to the validity of their secret covenant of love.—In the third act, *Florence* has fallen into a snare laid for her by *Thornton*; having copied for him, for a friendly purpose, a letter from a novel, which reads like an avowal of love to himself. *Temple* has likewise succumbed to the arts of *Sir George*, and involved himself virtually in the toils. *Florence*, perceiving the change in his manner, accuses him, in some beautifully-written speeches, of moral inconstancy. This is one of the great scenes of the play; and it was powerfully sustained by both Miss Faust and Mr. Creswick.

But now it is that *Laura's* better nature comes to the aid of *Florence*. Having gained a triumph for her beauty, she rallies the nobility of her heart—remonstrates with her brother on the wickedness of their proceedings—and determines to atone to *Florence*. But matters take a new turn. The character of *Florence* has been brought, meantime, into suspicion by the conduct of *Thornton* and *Osborne*. The repentant *Temple* gets involved in a duel on her account—the issue of which clears the lady's fame. Fortified with documents extorted from the crest-fallen and repentant calumniator, he ventures again into the presence of the noble-minded *Florence*. A general reconciliation takes place—and the play ends with the formal statement of its moral—thus:

There's no faith expressed
By bard, but seek for home the human breast.
Tis in the heart the loveliest shapes Ideal
Demand their shrine. The good man makes them Real—
Does deeds with Poetry's bright impulse rife,
And makes the Dreams of Fancy—Truths of Life.

The play was, with the exception of Miss Faust, little indebted for its success to the performers. The heroine's trusting confidence—her abstraction—her returning consciousness on receipt of her lover's letter—in the first act, were interpreted with extraordinary beauty. The second act suffered somewhat from Miss Faust's part not being sufficiently prominent—and the other leading actors not fully understanding the fine significance of theirs; and the play languished for the same reasons—until the great scene that concludes the third act carried the house triumphantly on its tide of passion. A brief colloquy in the fourth act—in which *Florence* accepts her cousin *Walter* for friend, though not a lover,—was exquisitely rendered by the lady; and the speech marking the difference between friends and lovers was finely delivered. The interview between *Florence* and *Laura*, with which the act concludes, was, from the incompetency of Miss Julia Bennett to her part, less successful.—Happily, the closing effect of the last act was wholly confided to the heroine. Here, *Florence*, overhearing *Temple's* repentance, in the fulness of her feelings rushes forward to utter her forgiveness. The effect on the house was electrical, and brought down the curtain with universal applause.—The inconstant and vacilating *Temple* is a character not suited to Mr. Creswick's hard style of acting; a style inflexible though transitive—capable only of violent contrasts—alternations of the frigid and the vehement.—We have already hinted at the shortcomings of Miss Bennett. Unfortunately, the very touching and elaborate scene in the second act, before the statue of *Dido*, depended on her; and from the evident impossibility of her rising to the idea, it proved a failure. Neither was the stage business always happy,—room being frequently not given where required. This was the case, for instance, with the groupings in the rural walks of *Sir George Hallowell's* country seat. The different parties, instead of being distinguished, were all so huddled together that the tale designed to be told by pantomimic action could not be indicated. Underacted as was, with the great exception named, the entire play, there were two instances which no taste could tolerate. Mr. Brindal, in *Sir George*, was insufferable; and Mr. H. Vandenhoff, as *Walter Ashbrooke*, evidently unequal to the delivery of blank verse. In spite, however, of these drawbacks, this elegant drama could not fail of success. The fine poetry which it contains commanded applause;—and the acting of Miss Faust in its leading part is in itself a thing not to be missed. Every line of the poetry in her mouth told with an audience evidently very sensitive to its beauty. The prominent faults of the play are a too great subjectivity in the mo-

tives, dialogue and characters, and an occasional defect of continuity in construction. The action is so subtle a kind, that it demands performers of nice perception and polished manners adequately to carry out the dramatic idea. The French stage might supply an appropriate *troupe*; but the English is so deficient of real artists, that we know of no existing company capable of enacting such a drama with the requisite grace.

LYCEUM.—This theatre, re-embellished and refurnished, was re-opened on Monday, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews. If gorgeous decoration and an illuminated interior could have compensated for the want of good pieces, their opening display would have demanded unqualified congratulation. The old aspect of the house has been entirely changed. The awkward balcony has been replaced by a handsome and convenient dress-circle—the front of the boxes being profusely ornamented with apparently porcelain cupids, medallions, vases, and flowers, delicate of hue and well harmonized in tone and effect. The ceiling, from which the central chandelier has been removed, is finely painted; and the house is lighted by a number of smaller chandeliers suspended round the boxes. Of these a portion have festoons of crimson damask and curtains of white embroidered muslin. Notwithstanding the general beauty of the *coup-d'œil*, it was impossible, however, to escape an impression that the charm is not permanent. We fear that the gas will soon tarnish the purity of what now looks so chaste and clean. There is a superb new drop-scene, painted by Mr. Beverly.

The season commenced with two translated dramas; one from 'La Bouquetière' and the other from the farce of 'Les Mousquetaires.' This is not as it should be:—if we are to have an English vaudeville theatre, let us have it illustrated by English talent. Neither of the present importations is of much merit. The first, entitled 'The Pride of the Market,' illustrates the reign of Louis the Fourteenth:—the scene is laid at Paris and Versailles. A certain *Marquis de Volange* (Mr. Leigh Murray) carries off from her market stall one *Marion* (Madame Vestris), and has her conveyed blind-fold to his hotel. The market women rise *en masse* against the outrage; and seek an audience of the king—who condemns the offender either to marry the girl or be confined in the Bastile. *Marion* has a jealous lover, a baker, *Isidore Farine* (Mr. Buckstone)—to whom, though a sot, she is warmly attached. To punish him for his suspicions and sottishness, she affects to accept the Marquis's hand; but uses the opportunity thus afforded only for the purpose of obtaining his consent to the union of *Mademoiselle de Volange* (Miss H. Gilbert) with the *Chevalier de Bellerive* (Mr. Parisselle). This plot is manifestly too slight for three acts. It was eked out by a *bourgeois dans le sous*. The performance was excellent. Mr. Buckstone exerted himself with much humorous effect; Madame Vestris affected to look as charming as ever—and almost succeeded; Mr. Leigh Murray played with an agreeable dash,—and Miss Gilbert with an amiable simplicity. Notwithstanding all, however, the drama was rather endured than enjoyed.—The second "new farce," called 'Light Dragoons,' should have been called the Heavy Artillery. Mr. Charles Mathews was one of the heroes (for there are two), and Mr. Roxby the other. They both commence with intentions of suicide and conclude with marriage. More detail of the plot is needless; as, from the dissatisfaction excited, this no-novelty, so unskillfully adapted, must be speedily withdrawn.

MARYLEBONE.—We witnessed here on Thursday the performance of Colman's lively comedy of 'The Jealous Wife.' The part of *Mrs. Oakley* is one of Mrs. Warner's great assumptions; and she performed it on this occasion with uncommon spirit and effect. The play was generally supported in a satisfactory manner;—and one character, that of *Major Oakley* (Mr. Cooke), with so much merit as to entitle the actor to the honour of a call. The *mise en scène* was, as usual, excellent. A theatre thus conducted is a boon to the neighbourhood.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC Gossip.—Signs of the coming winter season are beginning to appear. The Sacred Harmonic Society, we perceive, will commence its operations early next month with a

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performance of the 'Elijah,'—which work is to be given, about the same time, under his composer's direction, in the Riding School at Vienna. We observe, too, with pleasure, the attempt made by the Directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society to raise the character of their choral forces, by opening what may be called a branch establishment in "The London Choir Association,"—in other words, a course of singing classes under the conduct of Messrs. Salaman and Perry. This is one step in the right direction; but the Society has many more to make, a total reconsideration and revision of its orchestra being among the number: and this includes the education of leader and conductor.

We believe the Londoners will, during this winter, have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the music of M. Berlioz. The contract of that gentleman with M. Jullien is said to include four grand concerts, consisting of his compositions.—While on the subject of M. Berlioz and orchestral music—seeing that "every little helps," and that novelties are very scarce—we may call the attention of those whom it may concern to a notice, in *La Gazette Musicale*, by the above-mentioned conductor and composer, of a Symphony given last winter by M. Nicolai, the head of the principal Vienna orchestra—which M. Berlioz heard and commends as a work written in the true symphonic style. We are aware, and have often lamented, that English audiences are fastidious and little patient with regard to novelties in this order of composition:—but the matter may be worth inquiring into.

This year is marked by many losses in the musical profession. To those already recorded at home, we have to add the names of Mr. Powell, well known as a clarinet player in our orchestras, and of Mr. H. J. Baister. The latter will be missed as a sound musician, a delicate violoncellist, and a sensible man used to think upon, as well as to exercise, his art.—Mr. Cooke, too, whose "Amilie" was the one successful opera of Mr. Macready's Covent Garden management, has recently died. Had our young men more—may we not say, wiser?—ambition, we should not have so seldom to record the appearance of any qualified to fill the void made by these departures.

The brotherhood of chamber-musicians will hear with pleasure that Dr. Mendelssohn has just completed two new violin Quartets.—We are told, too, the other day, that his "Lauda Sion,"—written for last year's *Fête Dieu* at Liège, [Athen., No. 973]—may, possibly, be shortly published, with English words. Of course, a performance of it will not be long in following.

A correspondent, last week, strung together the titles of sundry recent Italian operas. We apprehend that something of a similar list could be made up from the German papers. Another correspondent who was present at the first performance of "Conradin," by M. Hiller, at Dresden, describes it as "a work of considerable merit: in places beautifully conceived, but written with too severe a disregard of the general public." Another new work, to be given at Dresden, is by M. Schmidt; and at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, is to be produced "The Pretty Girl of the Village," by M. Suppé,—the *maestro* presiding over its orchestra. The "Prince Eugène" of Becker is named as another of the good German works of the past season. The two operas, written by our townsmen M. Benedict, for Drury Lane, seem making way abroad, if we are to judge from report. Meanwhile, Herr Wagner's "Rienzi" is to open the winter campaign at Berlin; where, at this moment, writes our friend in Germany, "Jenny Lind is driving people mad—for the third time." We were, not long ago, hearing much in praise of a new Bohemian composer (whose name is not to be ventured upon as a matter of hearsay), for some years resident in Piedmont, who has given recently an opera at Prague with such success that he has been invited to remain in that city as *kapellmeister*. Should there be really anything more in the tale than one of those local triumphs which lead to nothing, we shall presently have "chapter and verse" regarding this new star. The censorship at Vienna has laid an interdict on the production of the tragedy of "Strenua," which was to be given there for the sake of M. Meyerbeer's music. This composer seems, just now, in an uneasy position—as if he had reached that point in his career at which it is dangerous to stand still, but difficult to go forward. An author pays too

dear a price for the execution of his works if his hesitation or exigence in that matter confine them to his portfolio too long—for there is such a thing as a public worm out with expectation, until it becomes pestilential, not to say unjust, when the novelty so carefully nursed is at last laid before it.

In addition to the musical news from Paris furnished by our correspondent, we ought to mention that the French critics speak of Madame Castellan as having succeeded, on her *début* at the Italian Opera, in the part of *Lucia*,—the state of Madame Persiani's voice being such as to satisfy the *dilettante* world that the assistant *prima donna* was not summoned a season too soon.—It is said, too, among "the profession" there that Madame Viardot Garcia will join the *corps* at Covent Garden next season. Once for all, however, let the reader be reminded that to record rumours does not mean to guarantee them. Thus, though the foreign journals announce the brilliant success of "Il Corsaro" of Nini, at Turin, and the splendid figure, beautiful voice, and excellent method of the tenor Signor Dobrski—who made his *début* in that opera—we merely accept for facts their raptures, and the foreign name of the artist (the latter another illustration of the strange poverty of Italy) and tranquilly wait for a confirmation of the praise.—A monument to Malibran is about to be erected in the Theatre *Della Scala* at Milan.

MISCELLANEA

The Westminster Hall Exhibition.—Oct. 22.—This Exhibition has closed. Parliament voted a sum of money for prizes: but the Commissioners did not adhere to their text, and reward the several classes which they invited to compete,—all but one class, that of large figures, being excluded. More than this: in previous competitions, the money taken at the doors was devoted to additional prizes,—so that Justice (a goddess who ought to be blind) might have wider scope for her efforts. This year, the goddess has evidently had one eye open; for the door money has been appropriated, under the plea of poverty, (see last Report) to purchase the pictures which have been selected for the New Houses of Parliament. The artists have thus been made to furnish out of their own pockets the means employed by "this great country" for "taking advantage of so happy an opportunity of patronizing British Art!" The money expended in the production of the unrewarded works of acknowledged talent must have exceeded manyfold the amount voted by Parliament;—and yet the officials could not let the Exhibition shillings alone. Because the national finances are low, the poor-box itself, forsooth, must be robbed!

A VISITOR.

The Betrothed of Robert Emmett.—A Roman correspondent of *Freeman's Journal* makes the following communication to that paper:—which we give as we find it, because it affects a very popular and touching anecdote endeared to the people both by tale and song. But we must state that we shall require better authority than that of the correspondent in question to overturn the old and favourite tradition:—"Miss Curran, daughter of one of the most patriotic, and as I think most eloquent, of our countrymen, died here about twelve days ago; she was no other, it appears, than the betrothed of poor Robert Emmett. I am acquainted with the clergyman who attended her during her last moments. She spoke, he assured me, frequently and feelingly of her father and of her country; and during her illness, which was rather protracted and painful, evinced a nobleness of mind and a heroic endurance of suffering above all commendation. The story of her death, and previous connections with a young officer, as told by Washington Irving, and currently believed in Ireland, is, they say, without foundation. She fixed her residence in Rome some time in 1840, when she was received into the Catholic Church by Cardinal Odescalchi: and since then, until her death, her life had been most exemplary, and her charities (considering her slender means) liberal in the extreme."

To CORRESPONDENTS.—A. J. E.—C.—F.—Marius—J. D.—received.

Errata.—P. 1079, col. 3, l. 54, for "phonology" read phonology.—P. 1076, col. 1, Note, for "Soyoutz" read Soyoutz; col. 2, l. 3, and in other places, for "Cause" read Causa; l. 83, for "Gara" read Gaza.

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